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THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE CITY: HISTORIC CEREMONY YESTERDAY.



The King, accompanied by the Queen, visited the City at noon yesterday to lay the foundation-stone of the new Post Office building to be erected on the site of the old Bluecoat School. Thousands of people lined the streets, and after their long absence from town their Majesties received a very hearty welcome. In the first photograph the King is seen ceremoniously touching the civic sword presented to him at Holborn Bars, the City boundary. The inset is a delightful snapshot taken on the way to the City as the King whispered a confidence to the Queen.

KING EDWARD IN THE CITY.

Lays the Foundation-Stone
of the New Post Office.

BRILLIANT CEREMONY

His Majesty and the Queen Greeted
with Loyal Cheers.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

The King and Queen yesterday began a busy week in London by laying the foundation-stone of the new General Post Office.

In the glow of a beautiful autumnal day the grim City streets were looking their brightest as His Majesty and the Queen, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Princes Edward and Albert of Wales, and preceded by a brilliant assemblage of British, foreign, and Colonial notabilities, paid their visit to the site in Newgate-street.

The four carriages which bore the King and his family were drawn by four bays apiece, and left Buckingham Palace promptly at noon, escorted by a body of Life Guards. Two serried rows of spectators lined the entire route, and grew thicker and more vociferous as the cortege proceeded Citywards. Pall Mall and Piccadilly-circus, Oxford-circus and Oxford-street, sped on each to the other the news of its approach.

Holborn was beautifully decorated, one of the prettiest sights being the establishment of James Buchanan and Co. Just near here a rather ludicrous circumstance occurred, to the amusement of the royal party and the spectators. A small terrier—the descendant, it might be supposed, of the immortal Derby dog—frightened by the cheering, rushed down the thoroughfare in advance of the King's equipage with heart-rending howls of "—."

At Holborn Bars the Lord Mayor was in waiting to perform the nomenclature ceremonies which precede a royal visit to the heart of the capital—the presenting, saluting, and returning of the golden sword.

"THE CITY GREETED YOU."

The Lord Mayor, with the Sword Bearer, the Sheriffs, and other City officials, had taken up a position under a crimson banner, which bore the welcome, "The City Greets You."

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the little Princes, were loudly cheered as they passed the Lord Mayor's party.

The royal procession arrived a few moments later, amid a perfect storm of cheers from the people.

The King smilingly saluted again and again, while Queen Alexandra bowed most graciously to the cheering thousands. Princess Victoria accompanied Her Majesty in the royal carriage.

His Majesty was looking exceptionally well, and happy, and showed no signs of his recent cold.

As the King leaned from his carriage to touch the sword which the Lord Mayor presented in welcome to the City, the scene was most brilliant with the mingled crimson and blue and gold of the civic officers' robes and the gaily-decorated street as a background.

After the ceremony, which lasted but a moment, the Lord Mayor re-entered his carriage and passed on in front of the royal party.

"PLACE OF SIGHS" REJOICES.

Newgate-street, the Old Bailey, and the circumjacent thoroughfares must, in such circumstances, have been rather doubtful of their proper identity. The grim fabric of Old Newgate—those walls which, as Charles Dickens said, "had hidden so much anguish from the hearts and sympathies of men"—and the sordid pile of Christ's Hospital have passed away, and have been replaced, in one case by a handsome and almost completed edifice of creamy stone, the second by rows of gaily-decorated hoardings and belaguered and beribboned scaffolds, marking the boundaries of the new Post Office.

St. Sepulchre's Church, which has perhaps more sad and sordid memories connected with it than any other ecclesiastical building in the world, clanged its bells to a joyous measure.

A slowly-rolling roar of cheering heralded the approach of the more popular guests, the Japanese Ambassador receiving a particularly warm welcome from the crowd. The royal cortege had been publicly announced to arrive at 12.30, and put in its appearance with that royal punctuality which, according to La Rochefoucauld, is "the politeness of kings."

His Majesty the King, who wore the uniform of a Field-Marshal, covered by a heavy grey overcoat, looked to be in perfect health and spirits, and he and the Queen smilingly acknowledged the loyal tumult with which their advent was greeted.

Her Majesty wore a mauve toque and a veil of white and lace. The royal pair were preceded by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who also received an enthusiastic greeting. The Princess wore a black toque and sable cape, and the little Princes—Edward and Albert of Wales—were attired in Highland costume.

A line of postmen was stationed on either hand of the entrance to the marble, those on one side being all old soldiers, who wore medals gained on active service; their vis-à-vis were postmen of long standing, bearing a large number of good conduct stripes.

LORD STANLEY'S SPEECH.

By this time the assembly in the great marquee, which included 120 orphans from the Post Office Orphan Home, of which His Majesty is patron, was complete, and the arrival of the royal party was the signal for the immediate commencement of the business of the day. Lord Stanley's speech of welcome was at once succinct and eloquent.

He sketched the history of the General Post Office from 1829, when the existing building, designed by Sir Robert Smirke, was first opened for the transaction of public business.

In 1889 the building in St. Martin's-lane-Grand accommodated 800 officers; to-day it shelters 3,536. The population of London has quadrupled, but the growth of commerce and the spread of education has multiplied metropolitan correspondence by fifty.

As Lord Stanley pointed out, the name "King Edward's Buildings," by which the new office will be known, is doubly appropriate, for the new premises, as already stated, occupy the site of Christ's Hospital, which was founded by King Edward VI. in 1552.

THE KING'S REPLY.

The King, in reply, said:

I well remember the occasion when I laid the foundation-stone of the new Post Office Savings Bank buildings at Earl's Court on behalf of Queen Victoria, my dearly-beloved mother, and this recollection increases the interest I feel in the ceremony which I am present here to-day to perform.

I am confident that all the members of the department of every grade have worked faithfully and loyally with a view to attaining the greatest efficiency in the dispatch of public business, and that they will continue to do so in the future.

I have watched with the greatest interest the large growth of the Post Office, and I am especially pleased to know that the new office made of the Savings Bank institution, particularly by the working classes. It has been a source of much gratification to me to learn how successful this institution has been in encouraging thrift and in stimulating industry, virtues which, I hope, always be characteristic of my people.

I have also observed with great satisfaction the establishment and rapid growth of the telephone. I feel confident that in this wonderful invention, which has already proved so useful in economy, time, and facility, commercial transactions will be found in the future to be capable of more extended use and wider development.

I trust that the establishment of this new building may increase the efficiency of the various branches of the postal service, and by giving additional facilities for intercommunication, assist in binding together the various portions of my Empire by still closer ties and establishing amongst the nations of the wide world that peace and goodwill which I have so much at heart.

On the stone being lowered, the King gave it three taps with a silver mallet, and said: "I declare this stone to be well and truly laid, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

The stone bore the following inscription:—

EDWARD the SEVENTH,
King of Great Britain and Ireland
and of the
British Dominions Beyond the Seas,
Emperor of India,
Laid this Stone of King Edward's Building
Of the General Post Office,
On the 16th Day of October, 1905,
Upon the Site of Christ's Hospital,
Founded in 1553 by King Edward VI.

A box buried under the stone contained coins of the realm of all nations, postage stamps of every denomination, a set of postal orders, impressions of date stamps, postcards and embossed envelopes, a copy of the Postmaster-General's address to the King, a copy of his last report, a copy of the current issue of the "Post Office Guide," and a copy of the "Times" of the day's date.

The whole ceremony took but an hour and a half.

AN ACCIDENT.

As the Lord Mayor's procession was passing the thickest of the crowd in Holborn the horses attached to Sheriff Bowater's carriage became frightened and dashed straight for the pavement.

A mounted constable spurred his own horse directly in front of the frightened animals, and succeeded in stopping them, although he was thrown to the ground and badly injured.

He was removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and two other policemen who were slightly injured were taken to the fire-house near by.

In the panic-stricken rush of the crowd on the pavement for places of safety one man was seriously crushed, and several women and children who were badly bruised were taken to their homes by friends.

ZOO OF THE FUTURE.

Mr. Carl Hagenbeck's Wonderful Menagerie Now Building in Hamburg.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Monday.—The great natural zoologist Mr. Carl Hagenbeck is building in Hamburg is now rapidly approaching completion.

This long-cherished scheme of the great animal collector will present to the visitor the spectacle of wild animals drawn from every part of the globe living as they do in their native haunts, without any enclosing rail or bars.

One part of the zoo is devoted to the Arctic region. Here are Polar bears, penguins, seals, and reindeer, all apparently together. Of course, ice, which divides the carnivorous animals from the rest, and by the same means, helped by rock barriers, the whole Arctic zoo is enclosed.

The scenery will imitate that of the Arctic regions, and realism is being secured by the most skillful artists.

In another part of the grounds a large lake is being constructed, where some 400 wild birds will disport themselves.

On a grassy plain will rove ruminant animals of every description—zebras, giraffes, antelopes, and buffalo altogether.

Another section of the zoo will contain the fierce carnivora—lions, tigers, leopards, and the like. In no case will any enclosing rails or bars be used. The rising nature of the ground will permit a fine view of all these interesting animals, free from the surroundings usual to a menagerie. When complete the place will be one of the best sites in the world.

GRAND DUKE DEGRADED.

Tsar Banishes His Cousin for Marrying the Divorced Niece of King Edward.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—The "Official Messenger" publishes an order of the Tsar, dated yesterday, depriving the Grand Duke Cyril of his military rank.

He is also to be deprived of his Orders and other honours, and to be excluded from Russia.—Reuter.

This is a punishment for his marriage with the divorced wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, the Tsar having forbidden the marriage, partly because the Grand Duke of Hesse is the Tsaritsa's brother.

KOMURA'S COOL WELCOME.

Criticism of the Peace Treaty Forbidden in the Army.

TOKYO, Monday.—Baron Komura arrived here to-day from America, and was received at once by the Emperor, who commended him. His reception at the station was not enthusiastic, those who welcomed him being chiefly Government officials and State dignitaries. The streets were strongly guarded by troops, police, and gendarmes.

Criticism of the terms of the peace treaty is forbidden throughout the army.

It is believed that an order has been sent to the Manchurian headquarters directing the evacuation to begin to-day.—Reuter.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

St. Petersburg was without newspapers last night through a general strike of compositors.

Earl Spencer's condition remains much the same, but Lord Brampton was a little better yesterday.

The Emperor of Germany has conferred a gold medal "for science" upon the Prince of Monaco.

An "Echo de Paris" telegram says that the King and Queen of Italy will go to Berlin in the second half of next January on the Kaiser's invitation.

The Japanese Navy Department announces the seizure of the American steamer Centennial, on Thursday last, in the Soya Strait, the last capture of the war.

Mr. Fulford, well-known as the wealthiest member of the Canadian Senate, has succumbed to injuries sustained in a motor-car accident at Newton (Massachusetts).

SINGAPORE, Monday.—Sir M. Hicks-Beach arrived here unexpectedly at three o'clock yesterday afternoon by the steamer Bayern, which was one day ahead of its time.

MINOOLA (Long Island), Monday.—The 80-h.p. Darracq motor-car, which won the race for the Vanderbilt Cup on Saturday, caught fire yesterday morning and was destroyed.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day: Variable breezes, chiefly northerly; cold; fog at first, clearing away in afternoon. The weather:—
Lightning: time: 6.1 p.m.
Sea: waves will be moderate by evening.

ABBEY FUNERAL FOR SIR H. IRVING.

England's Greatest Actor To Be
Buried at Westminster.

INTERMENT FRIDAY.

The Dean of Westminster last night gave out the following notice for public information:—

The Dean of Westminster having received a request signed by leading members of the dramatic profession and by other persons of distinction has consented to the interment of the late Sir Henry Irving in Westminster Abbey.

It is expected that the funeral will take place on Friday.

All inquiries and applications for tickets should be addressed to the hon. secretaries, Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Norman Forbes-Robertson, at 57, Pont-street, S.W. No applications should be made to the Dean of Westminster or other officials of the Abbey. Further details with regard to the funeral will be announced in the Press as soon as can conveniently be done.

At present it is not known in what part of the Abbey the late Sir Henry will be interred.

Among the hundreds of famous names appended to the memorial in favour of an Abbey funeral was that of the aged Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who was one of Sir Henry's most intimate friends.

THE STAGE'S GRIEF.

A notable meeting of actors and managers was held at the Hyde Park Hotel yesterday to express the great sorrow felt by the profession generally.

Among those present were Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Squire Bancroft, and Messrs. Laurence Irving, Edward Terry, George Alexander, W. H. Kendal, Weedon Grossmith, Arthur Collins, Beerholm Tree, Arthur Boucher, Forbes-Robertson, J. Vedreane, Charles Warren, Lionel Brough, Otto Stuart, Frederick Harrison, J. Mulholland, Arthur Chudleigh, Frank Curzon, and Lewis Waller.

Letters of regret were sent by Mr. John Hare, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. F. R. Benson, and Mr. Fred Terry, all absent on tour, and Mr. John Toole, one of Irving's dearest and oldest friends.

After a vote of condolence with the family had been moved by Mr. George Alexander, seconded by Mr. Edward Terry, and carried in silence, a committee, consisting of Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. Beerholm Tree, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. George Alexander, and Sir Charles Wyndham, was formed to decide the method, in which the managers should attend the funeral.

It is expected that all those present at the meeting will follow Sir Henry to the grave.

TRIBUTES FROM THE CLERGY.

Proofs of the great respect in which Sir Henry Irving was held by the Church continue to come in to hand in the shape of extracts from sermons in which homages to the nation's loss have been made. The following are extracts:—

The Bishop of SHERBURN—"He succeeded by sheer dint of moral force and character in raising the whole tone of English drama."

The Dean of MANCHESTER—"All honour to those who make public profession that they desire to be the means of purifying the atmosphere of the stage, as did certainly the late Sir Henry Irving, the most consummate master of his art."

FATHER ADDELEY—"He raised the whole tone of the drama in England and made it possible for a large number of people who felt they could not go to a theatre before his day to do so now."

GENERAL BOOTH—"I was almost paralysed when I heard the news. I have heard that he was a man of great ability, a wonderful interpreter of dramatic writers, and of good moral character, and I have learned to respect his name."

A STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.

All the members of Sir Henry Irving's company who were playing in "Becket" on Friday evening last at Bradford watched with anxiety the evident weakness of their chief.

"Strangely enough," said Miss Matheson, who was playing Rosamund on that memorable evening, to the Daily Mirror yesterday, "Sir Henry's voice was much louder at times, just as on that occasion at Wolverhampton when he fell ill. But I had a strange presentiment of disaster all the evening, and I noticed time after time how differently he uttered certain sentences and gave them quite almost a different meaning. I noticed, too, on several occasions, that just before Sir Henry came on the stage he seemed almost to gasp in order to breathe freely."

VILLAGE BIRTHPLACE TRIBUTE.

The villagers of Keinton, Sir Henry's birthplace, intend placing a brass plate on the house in which the great actor first saw the light.

THE "ENTENTE MUNICIPALE."

Sixty Paris Councillors Arrive as
Guests of L.C.C. Members.

HEARTY GREETINGS.

Sixty members of the Municipal Council of Paris arrived in London last night as the guests of the members of the London County Council.

Whatever they may think of England at the end of their week's visit, they were glad enough to see the white cliffs and step ashore at Dover. The passage was disagreeably choppy, and the average Frenchman is no sailor. Many of the most distinguished ornaments of the Hotel de Ville were spectators of rufh as they lay inert and wretched on the deck or in the saloon of Le Nord. In their then condition they would have welcomed any land—even the cannibal islands—and their joy when they stepped on the hospitable soil of England may be imagined.

By the time Charing Cross was reached all their gaiety had returned, and they were ready to admire anything, even a fog. At the station was a large gathering of distinguished and semi-distinguished persons to greet the visitors. There was Mr. Cornwall, Chairman of the L.C.C., Lord Monkswell, and other members of that body. The French Embassy was well represented.

Visitors Mostly Socialists.

The station was decorated with French and British flags, and the platform was covered with the red carpet which is mostly, if not entirely, kept for the use of royalties. This was the more a detail to be remarked seeing that the Frenchmen, including the President, are mostly Socialists, while at least one of their number has up to the time of the present visit been credited with anti-English feelings.

On Lord Elcho and Captain Hemphill, of the Reception Committee, who had travelled with the visitors from Paris, lay most of the pleasant task of introduction—rather a difficult in the circumstances, as hardly any of the guests knew their prospective hosts of the County Council.

Mr. Cornwall held a little reception on the platform each of the French Councillors being presented to him. To M. Paul Brousse, president of the Paris Council, and MM. Reibelhard and Roussette (vice-presidents), he addressed some special words of greeting.

It was all very pleasant, and that the great heart of London was in sympathy with the visit was evident from the unofficial greetings. The crowd behind the barriers cheered so vociferously that any little feeling of homesickness must soon have disappeared. People shouted what they fondly imagined to be French expressions of welcome. Of course, they were not understood, but the feelings underlying them would have been apparent had Turkish or Hottentot been the medium employed.

Our Colors' Tricolour Rosettes.

Finally the visitors, ulstered and laden with bouquets, mounted the thirty-eight carriages to be driven to the homes of their hosts. All the London County Councillors were resplendent in tricolour rosettes. Some of them who spoke no French found it a little difficult to enter into relations with guests equally unacquainted linguistically, but no doubt this righted itself after a little, and the County Councillors' daughters came to the rescue as interpreters at dinner-time.

The visitors have a busy week before them. This morning they will be received by the King at Buckingham Palace, and will afterwards visit the headquarters of the Fire Brigade and other places of interest under the control of the County Council, dining in the evening at the Hotel Cecil as the guests of Mr. E. A. Cornwall, the chairman.

To-morrow they will be present at the opening of Kingsway, and afterwards lunch at the Mansion House. Thursday and Friday will be mainly devoted to the inspection of public works, and on Saturday the visitors return.

Of the sixty councillors, forty-eight have never before been in England. It is an unprecedented event for the council to visit a foreign capital.

LADY CURRIE'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of Lady Currie will take place at Mattingley Church, near Winchfield, Hants, at three o'clock to-morrow.

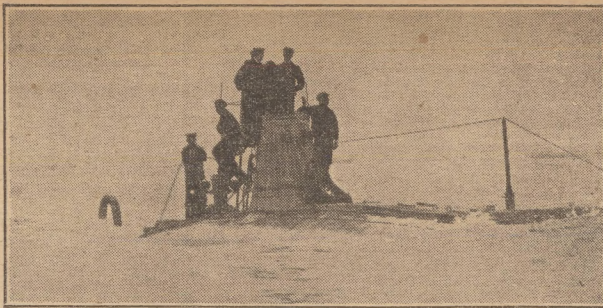
Lord Currie is still lying in a critical condition at his residence at Hawley.

FINED £400 OR BETTING.

A fine of £400 and £10 lds. costs was imposed at Tower Bridge Police Court yesterday on James Goding, forty-five, commission agent, for using premises in Redcross-street, Borough, for betting purposes.

When the police raided the place they found 624 betting-slips, £2,000 in gold, £20 in bank-notes, £20 in silver, and £12 in small change.

ACCIDENT TO SUBMARINE A 4.



While at practice off Portsmouth yesterday, Submarine A 4 came to the surface at a dangerous angle, and was towed back to Portsmouth. There had been an accident to the machinery, but no injury to the crew.

FEASTS OF FIRE.

Pyrotechnic Marvels for the Royal Tour of India.

Among the most brilliant of the spectacular features of the coming visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to India will be the magnificent displays of fireworks which will be given at Calcutta and other Indian ports.

At every port at which the Renown touches the East Indian Squadron, which accompanies the royal party, will give wonderful pyrotechnic exhibitions for the entertainment of the natives.

A special vessel carrying a cargo of tons of fireworks of every description is already on its way to Indian waters, and will accompany the fleet throughout the tour.

The flagship will carry a series of remarkable electric set-pieces, of which the special feature will be portraits in fire of the Prince and Princess. These will be shown in 1,000 square feet of blazing lights.

The Star of India, with the motto, "Heaven's Light Our Guide," will be shown in 500 square feet of blazing Indian colours and Durbar plumes.

At Calcutta the citizens have arranged for a monster fireworks display, and Messrs. James Pain and Co., who have arranged the royal display, have received many large orders for fireworks from the native princes.

THE EVE OF DEPARTURE.

Royal Family Inseparable These Last Days Before the Prince Sails.

The King and Queen, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria, were present at the performance of "The Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane last night.

Quite naturally the Royal Family is inseparable during the short space of time ere the Prince and Princess start on their Indian tour. There was a family dinner party at the Palace on Sunday, and yesterday afternoon the Prince and Princess were present at the laying of the foundation stone of the new General-Post Office building.

ACCIDENT TO A SUBMARINE.

"A 4" Comes to the Surface at a Dangerous Angle, but No One Hurt.

While out for instructional purposes in Stokes Bay, Portsmouth, yesterday, the submarine A 4, on which the disastrous explosion took place recently, came to the surface at an angle of 35deg. She was immediately taken in tow with a view to being docked when the tide served.

A rumour that an alarming explosion had taken place on board proved, happily, to be incorrect. None of the sixteen men on board were injured, and the nature of the accident was not disclosed. The Naval Commission, which sits this morning, will hear the evidence in private.

L BELLING A SISTER.

"The libel is a very bad one, and it is only the strong appeal of your friends that has saved you from prison."

With this remark to George Henry Field, indicted for a cruel postcard insult to his sister, the Recorder at the Old Bailey yesterday bound him over to come up for judgment when called upon.

ACC'S WIFE ROBBED OF HER JEWELS.

Mrs. Robson, wife of Mr. Robson, K.C., M.P., has had valuable jewellery stolen from her room at an hotel in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A NOTABLE PRELATE.

The Church Loses a Distinguished Leader in Dr. Ellicott.

A striking figure, a prolific writer, and a sound and scholarly ecclesiastic has been removed by the death, at Bournemouth-on-Sea, in his eighty-seventh year, of Bishop Ellicott, so long the distinguished occupant of the See of Gloucester.

Dr. Ellicott was the son of a Church of England rector at Whitwell, near Stamford, and on going to St. John's College, Cambridge, he graduated in Honours in 1841, coming out as Senior Optime and the Second Class Classical Tripos. He also secured the Hulsean Prize.

On leaving the rectory of Pilton, in Rutland, where he lived for ten years, he became Professor of Divinity at King's College, London, and subsequently Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge.

An excellent story is told of his appointment by Lord Palmerston to the see of Gloucester and Bristol. Dr. Ellicott expressed to the Prime Minister his strong Conservative views. "Oh, that is all right," replied Palmerston. "There is probably not much difference between us."

Although a born administrator and a strong ecclesiastic, Dr. Ellicott will probably be best remembered by his religious works, which were numerous, and his splendid service in presiding over the company of New Testament revisers.

The Bishop, who was a frequent attendant at the House of Lords, was a man of the plainest habits, abhorred ceremonial and one of his boasts was that he got up at five every morning and lit his own fire.

He was a good horseman, and when in London spent most of his spare time at the Athenæum.

HEROES OF THE THAMES.

Boy of Thirteen and British Officer Receive Royal Humane Society Awards.

For a boy aged thirteen to win the Royal Humane Society's medal is a great achievement. This signal honour, in the shape of the bronze medal, was yesterday bestowed on Herbert Rothie, who plunged into the Thames at the Adelphi Steps, Victoria Embankment, and rescued a still younger lad who had fallen into the river.

Other awards included: a medal to Charles Orchard, who, from the same place, attempted to save a woman who had thrown herself into the river, and a testimonial to Captain Phillips, D.S.O., British Resident Northern Nigeria, for assisting him.

Silver medal to Shaik Ally, a Bombay policeman, for gallantry in jumping down a well 45ft. deep, with 15ft. of water in it, and saving a man who had fallen in.

Bronze medal to J. Moyce, a St. Helena policeman, for rescuing a passenger who had fallen overboard.

Medals to Arthur and G. E. Sells for rescuing seven persons from the Grand Junction Canal at Hemel Hempstead, and to A. Doggart, for saving a boy from a dangerous reservoir in Cumberland.

ENGLISHMAN'S HOME NOT A CASTLE.

Damages to the amount of £23 6s. were awarded to a tenant against his landlord at the Clerkenwell County Court yesterday, on the ground that, through unduly prolonged repairs, the former had been deprived of the quiet enjoyment of his premises.

The tenant's wife told Judge Edge that the workmen mixed mortar on the sitting-room floor, put up a carpenter's bench in the bedroom, and boiled the tea in her kettle.

John Preston, who has passed fifty years in prison, was sentenced at the Guildhall yesterday to nine months' hard labour for uttering base coin at Hackney.

ROYAL DRESSMAKER.

Romantic Life Story of a Bonaparte Princess, To Be Buried To-day.

ANOTHER CINDERELLA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—To-morrow will be buried Princess Pierre Bonaparte.

The life-story of the Princess might well form a page of the most romantic of novels. Her maiden name was Mile. Justine Ruffin, and she was the daughter of a foreman journeyman-cabinet-maker in the Fauborg St. Antoine. Yet never did princess combine more exquisite grace and more sound practical common-sense.

M. Bonaparte, who was the son of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, met Mile. Ruffin at the house of a member of the Chamber of Deputies. She was remarkably beautiful and extremely intelligent, and he learned that although her father was a journeyman cabinet-maker her grandfather had been an officer in the time of the First Empire.

He discovered that she had great reverence for Napoleon and everything connected with him. To cut a long story short, the Prince fell deeply in love with her, and finding that she was a pure and virtuous girl he proposed marriage. The Emperor Napoleon III., however, refused to give his consent to the marriage, and the Prince thereupon married her secretly.

Neither Possessed Means.

The marriage was celebrated by a Corsican priest, in the presence of four witnesses, in the side chapel of the Church of St. Germaine, at Sèvres. Neither the Prince nor his wife possessed any means, with the exception of a private pension, which he received from the privy purse of the Emperor.

The Prince retired with his wife to a little Villa at Auteuil, near Paris, and here five children were born to them, of whom three died. The two surviving children are Prince Roland Bonaparte and Princess Jeanne, who is now the Marchioness of Villeneuve.

When the Republic was declared in September, 1870, Prince Pierre had to fly for his life from France, for he had acquired great public odium owing to the killing of a Republican journalist named Noir, who had gone to visit him at his house.

The Prince and Princess, with their two children, then lived a life of great poverty, and when at last the Prince fell ill, the Princess, with admirable devotion, remembering that she was a woman of the people, set up for her sick husband and children as a dressmaker in London for wholesale firms at ten shillings a dress. Then her husband died, and bravely struggling alone to bring up her children as became their station, she opened a millinery establishment in London with means paid at her disposal by M. Duruy, a former Cabinet Minister of the Emperor.

Returned to Paris.

Finally she was able to return to Paris. She placed her son Roland in the Military Academy at St. Cyr, and her daughter Jeanne became an accomplished painter. The wealthy Marquis of Villeneuve met the pretty painter in the south of France, while she was doing work for a well-known publishing firm, and he married her.

The son, Prince Roland Bonaparte, whom the Republican Government would not allow to serve as an officer in the army, met with a charming young girl possessing immense wealth, who married him and immediately settled on the Princess Pierre a sum of £80,000, upon which she lived until her death a day or two ago.

The Princess, who had acquired the esteem and respect of all with whom she came in contact, was known in the Bonaparte family as "the Cinderella princess."

CITY STREET ABLAZE.

Rivulets of Burning Oil Flow Along Cornhill and Stop Traffic for Hours.

A very unusual and exciting spectacle was witnessed last night in Cornhill, traffic being held up for some considerable time.

An alarming flare of fire suddenly burst forth from a large steam lorry belonging to the Anglo-American Oil Company. This was loaded with about 900 petrol cans. Most of these were empty, but a spark appears to have ignited some leaking oil, and streams of flame ran down the gutter and over the road in all directions, causing a brilliant and novel fire display.

The services of a large body of firemen were requisitioned before the strange outbreak was subdued.

HAMPSTEAD CANDIDATES BUSY.

In anticipation of a comparatively short campaign, Mr. Hampstead, Mr. Fletcher (Conservative) and Mr. Rowe (Liberal) are taking time by the forelock and addressing numerous meetings.

MYSTERY OF THE MERSTHAM TUNNEL.

Coroner's Jury Returns an Open Verdict, and the Police Confess Themselves Completely Baffled.

The coroner's jury yesterday confessed itself completely baffled by the mysterious death of Miss Money in Merstham Tunnel. After hearing further evidence from a number of witnesses the jury returned the following verdict:—

"That the deceased met her death by injuries caused by a fall from a train, but as to whether she fell from the train or was thrown there is no evidence to show."

The evidence on which this conclusion was reached was even more sensational than at the last hearing. Unfortunately it tends to leave the case a greater mystery than ever. On the whole the theory of a murder—or what is practically murder—is still the most probable explanation; but it is quite clear that none of the "clues" so far followed is in the least degree likely to lead to the discovery of the criminal.

The little coffee-room at the Feathers Inn, Merstham, which has been the scene of the grim inquiry, was again crowded yesterday when the inquest was resumed.

The Theatre Tickets.

The first witness called was Miss Emma Hone, who, it will be remembered, saw Miss Money on the afternoon of the fatal Sunday, and asked her where she was going. Miss Money told Miss Hone she did not want her company.

The Coroner: Do you remember her going to the theatre on September 22?—Yes.

Where did she go?—To the Vaudeville.

Where did she get the tickets from?—They were given to her by Miss Golding.

Who did she go with?—I do not know. I cannot say whether she went alone or was in the company of anyone. The piece was "Dr. Wake's Patient."

She told me she had enjoyed herself very well.

A Juror: Before she went out on the Sunday was she bright and happy?—Yes, there was nothing to arouse my suspicion.

Miss Frances Golding was recalled, and stated that she had given Miss Money two tickets for the theatre, but could not say whether anyone accompanied her.

Dr. Willcox, the Home Office pathologist, was recalled to continue his story of the post-mortem examination.

He gave reasons why he did not believe that Miss Money clutched at the tunnel walls when she fell from the train. He thought death must have been instantaneous.

A Juror: Are you satisfied that the bruises on the right arm were caused by a grip?—I am satisfied they were not produced by the train. Some of them might have been caused by a grip. If there had been a prolonged struggle I should have expected to find more bruising.

No Trace of Poison.

Where the injuries consistent with a woman having been caught hold of and thrown out of a train?—Yes.

No trace of poison or chloroform had been found, added the doctor. The marks on the mouth did not appear to be the result of a blow; it looked as if something in the nature of a gag had been forced into the mouth.

Then followed a chain of evidence as to Miss Money's movements on the Sunday evening. Edward Tucker, a ticket collector at Clapham Junction, was shown Miss Money's photograph. He recognised it as that of a girl he saw on No. 6 platform shortly before 7.30 on the Sunday evening. She said she was going to Victoria. Her face was quite familiar to him as that of a frequent traveller.

David Morris, a tailor, of Hampton, told how he was at Victoria Station a little before seven. He saw a girl "with a homely, pleasant face," and with a bag which went once or twice round her throat. The photograph of Miss Money was "as near as possible like her."

When he first saw her she was standing by the bookstall; then he went into the booking-hall. "On my return," added the witness, "I saw her walking about with a young gentleman. They were in very close conversation and arm-in-arm."

The Couple in the Train.

Can you describe him?—I should think he was 5ft. 8in. to 5ft. 9in., and I should think he would measure from 38 to 40 inches round the chest. (Laughter.)

That is a result of your tailoring experience?—Yes.

A Juror: What coloured suit had he on?—It was a grey suit, but I could not say whether there was any mixture in it. (Laughter.) I thought they were a pair of lovers, and I took no more notice of them. He looked from thirty-six to thirty-eight years old.

Alfred Barron, guard of the 9.13 p.m. train from London Bridge to Brighton, said he remembered clearly a man and a woman getting into a first-class carriage at East Croydon.

The woman was dressed in dark clothes, with a "long muslin-looking thing" round her neck, hanging well down. The man had a long face and a thin chin, and he was about 5ft. 10in. high.

After they got into the compartment at East

Croydon did you notice them again?—I noticed the girl was sitting near the man. It was South Croydon, not East Croydon.

Did you notice that the arm in the carriage had been pulled up?—Yes.

What made you notice them?—Their movements seemed to be rather suspicious. They seemed as if they were trying to avoid people.

Was he a powerful man?—A fairly powerful man. When I went to the door to ask him where he was travelling to the man looked as if he did not want me to speak to him.

Did they look like first-class passengers?—No; but sometimes people will take a first-class ticket for a short journey.

Did you see them at Redhill?—I saw the door of a compartment open, and a man come out and walk down the platform. I did not see if a woman came out, and I did not look into the compartment.

Was this man anything like the man you had seen at Croydon?—I am under the impression that he was.

Superintendent Bryce: You were closely questioned by myself, Inspector Fox, and another man, and you never said anything to us about the man at Redhill.—Witness said he did not report the occurrence at first, because it was stated that the woman was wearing a motor veil, and at London Bridge he had seen a woman wearing a motor veil, and she was said to have left the train at Preston Park.

Signalman's Story of a Struggle.

Frederick Varnley, of Church-street, Croydon, said he was a signalman in the employ of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. He was on duty from 6 p.m. on September 24 to 6 a.m. on September 25 in his box beyond Croydon on the down side.

Do you remember the 9.30 p.m. train from London Bridge passing your box?—Yes. I saw a man and woman in a first-class compartment near the end of the train. They seemed to me to be fighting. They were standing up and swaying toward the seat. He seemed to be trying to force her on to the seat. They were in the middle of the carriage.

Can you describe the woman?—She was about 5ft. 4in. or 5ft. 5in. and rather stoutly built.

Did you notice her dress?—Black, I think.

Did you see what sort of a hat she was wearing?—I think it was black, with something hanging down behind.

Suspicious Not Aroused.

Were not your suspicions aroused when you noticed this?—I didn't think it was a case like that. I thought it was a different case altogether.

When did you first report it?—On the Wednesday morning.

It really didn't occur to you at the time to think much of it, and you have thought out all these details since?—Yes, they all came back to me afterwards.

Superintendent Bryce: There is a telephone in your box, so that you could send a message to Redhill?—I could telephone to Stots' Nest, and they could send that message on.

Do you frequently see such a thing?—Well, not very often.

The Coroner: Can you absolutely identify the lady from the photograph?—No, I don't say I can.

Was that the last she had on (the one in the photograph)?—I think it was.

George Waller Money, of Watford, brother of the deceased, was next called. He said his sister had spoken to him of Mr. Arthur Bridger. He had once driven her in a cab from Waterloo to Euston Station. She said he was a nice fellow.

Did not you say she said something about spending his money?—No.

Did you not say to Sergeant Bailey: "Mr. Bridger gets 45s a week, and she spends it all"?—No, that should be "He spends it all."

Miss Money's Banking Account.

Sergeant Bailey (interposing): "He" is correct. It was a mistake.

Witness added that he knew his sister had a banking account, but he did not know it amounted to £50. He remembered that his sister said she had been to the theatre once with Mr. Arthur Bridger and Miss Bridger.

Mr. Arthur Bridger was then recalled.

The Coroner: Have you ever given the deceased any presents?—Never in my life.

Did she ever drive with you in a cab to Euston?—No.

You have introduced Miss Money to your wife?—Yes.

What did you do after seeing this Sunday evening?—I went for a stroll with my wife the west side of Clapham Common.

Did you meet anybody while you were out?—No. I got home about 9.30. I did not go out again that night. I went to bed about 10.30 or 11.

Have you on any occasions taken the deceased to the theatre?—No.

Have you ever had any conversation with the deceased about taking a new business and engaging her as bookkeeper?—No.

A Juror: On September 24 were you wearing a

moustache?—No, I have never worn a moustache in my life.

Mrs. Caroline Bridger, wife of Mr. Arthur Bridger, said she was at home with her husband the whole of the day on September 24.

Do you know if your husband made any presents to the deceased?—No. I am sure he did not.

Why are you sure of it? He may have done it without your having known it.—I feel sure he did not.

Has he never been in London and come home late at night?—No, never.

Police Constable Burke said that on September 21 he assisted to remove the body from the tunnel. Police Constable Carr pulled the scarf out of the mouth when the body was taken out. There were about eight or ten inches of the scarf in the mouth, and there was some difficulty in getting it out. It appeared to be held up in the teeth, not plugged into the mouth.

Amos Warren, a police inspector of the Brighton Railway Company, described the experiment made on October 1, when a train containing the first-class carriage No. 508 was run through the tunnel and the door opened. He found that if the door had been opened when the train was travelling fast the door would have struck the wall and been smashed. There was a stain on the floor of the carriage, but analysis showed it was not a blood-stain.

There were no signs of violence about the carriage.

Police Confess Failure.

Dr. Willcox supported this witness's evidence with regard to the reported bloodstain.

Superintendent Bryce spoke of the close investigation made into every possible clue, but the police had been unable to trace Miss Money's car, certainly after she left the sweetshop. Whatever the result of the inquest, the police would continue their investigations.

The Coroner, summing up, remarked that almost from the first this case had been described as one of murder, but it was hardly a proper description. As to the signalman's story he could only say that he seemed to have observed a very great deal in a brief space of time.

In reply to a juror Dr. Willcox said that so far as he was able to come to a conclusion on the point there was no evidence that Miss Money was an immoral girl.

The jury, after retiring, returned the verdict given above.

"We understand," said the foreman, "that the police will follow up their inquiries."

Superintendent Bryce: Yes.

The foreman said it was the greatest wish of the jury to give a verdict which would not hamper the police in any way in making their inquiries. In fact, they wished to assist the police as much as they possibly could.

CAUSTIC RECORDER.

Depositions in "Edmonton Socialist" Case Mainly Refer to "a Squabble."

Some caustic remarks fell from the Recorder at the Central Criminal Court yesterday when referring in his grand charge to the case in which Walter Gammon, the Edmonton Socialist, is accused of causing the death of his child by neglect.

The case was remarkable, he said, in that it showed that the justices before whom the accused was brought had been very lenient.

The depositions were unusually long, and appeared to be directed mainly to a squabble between counsel, solicitor, and doctors. He had waded through those depositions after much trouble, but had failed to find anything which would enable a jury to convict.

At the same court the Recorder recommended the grand jury to return a true bill in the Ludgate-circus shooting case.

JUVENILE SEA-ROVER.

Boy of Enterprise Ignominiously Hauled from Under a Railway-Carriage Seat.

Very intelligent and alert for his years, William Trevellian Davies, a ship's pantry-boy of fourteen, who hails from Cardiff, commanded the sympathetic attention of Mr. Plowden, at Marylebone yesterday.

It is true that he had been found on a train at Westbourne Park, concealed beneath a seat, and with no evidence that he had paid his fare. He confessed that he had travelled thus all the way from Cardiff.

The court missionary stated that some months ago Davies fled from home, came to London without paying his fare, and had since been travelling to and from Jamaica on the banana boats.

Mr. Plowden remanded the boy with the remark that the lad was evidently well able to get on in the world if he went about it honestly.

PRIVILEGE OF MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Mr. Cecil Chapman (at Tower Bridge Police Court, yesterday, to woman who had complained that her daughter-in-law abused her: You are a mother-in-law, and I thought mothers-in-law were always being abused, and had got used to it. I will have her cautioned.

THE LAST DAYS OF NELSON.

Thursday, October 17, 1835.

A hundred years ago to-day must have been a period of grinding anxiety for Nelson, though, with characteristic reticence, he said nothing of the tortures of doubt he must have endured.

Every hour that elapsed rendered the arrival of the French reinforcements from Brest more probable, and Villeneuve, lurking in the safe shelter of Cadiz Harbour, clung desperately to the last hope of success. Had the northern fleet evaded the English blockade the historic battle of Trafalgar might have had another result. Even in those heroic days the boast that one Englishman was worth a Frenchman and two Spaniards was a statement more patriotic than accurate.

Dauntless, but Prudent.

The most remarkable attribute of Nelson's character was his mingling of dauntless courage with the nicest possible reckoning of risk. Had the squadron from Brest and Rochefort arrived, he would almost certainly have postponed the great battle, and, returning to the Fabian tactics of which he was so perfect a master, have created a diversion and again waited for the dispersal of the enemy's fleet.

The case under the date October 17, 1805, in Nelson's diary is brief and businesslike, and gives but little hint of the torturing anxiety under which, at such a moment, he must have been labouring. "Mode a c breeres, N.W. Sent Donegal to Gibraltar to get a good fund of casks. Received accounts by the Diligent storehouse that Sir Richard Strachan was supposed in sight of the French Rochefort Squadron, which I hope is true. At midnight the wind came, to the eastward."

(To be continued.)

FIRST TURBINE CUNARD.

Carmania To Make Her Maiden Voyage to New York in December.

The maiden voyage of the Carmania, the first Cunarder to be fitted with turbine engines, which takes place early in December, will render it possible to make an exact comparison between turbine and reciprocating engines.

Hitherto such a comparison has been impossible, since two vessels of the same size, one with the old type of engine and one with the new have not been available.

But the Carmania is to be sister ship to the Caronia, which is fitted with the older type engine, and comparisons between the two will be eagerly awaited. Should they prove the superiority of the turbine, the new engine will probably be fitted to all future boats of the line. Her gross tonnage will be 21,000 tons. She will be fitted with triple screws, and will be capable of carrying 3,000 people.

JUSTICE HAS STUMBLED.

Fugitive Surrenders To Secure an Innocent Man's Release.

A remarkable confession, suggesting that a grave miscarriage of justice has taken place, has been made to the police by John Doyle, a young dentist, who appeared in the dock at Marylebone yesterday.

Doyle has confessed that he was concerned in a robbery at Westbourne Park, and that Richard Flynn, who was undergoing a sentence of eighteen months for the offence, was innocent of the crime.

He had been roaming about the country, he told the police, and when he heard that Flynn was imprisoned unjustly he decided to give himself up.

Mr. Plowden (ordering a remand): I hope this voluntary confession will be taken to his credit at the trial, for it certainly is to his credit.

INJUNCTION AGAINST "PICKETTING."

Messrs. Wallis and Co., of the great drapery and furnishing house in Holborn-circus, are to be troubled no more by "picketing" outside their premises by dissatisfied workmen. Mr. Justice Bray has granted an injunction forbidding further annoyance of the kind.

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NEXT TUESDAY

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SIDELIGHTS ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Concerning Current Events.

DEATHS ON THE STAGE.

It is curious that among the many instances of actors dying in harness which the death of Sir Henry Irving has recalled, no one apparently has made mention of the tragic end of Charles Calvert. He was playing "Henry V." at Manchester, and, as he uttered the words, "Ah, God, of battles, hear my prayer," fell face forwards on the stage. The other members of the company thought he was in a fit, carried him to his room, and then found that he was dead.

Witness's Curious Slip

Often curious slips on the part of witnesses in matters which are probably common knowledge to most of the persons present in court pass unnoticed. Yesterday Miss Emma Hone, in giving evidence at the resumed inquiry by the coroner into the Mersland Tunnel mystery, stated that Miss Money went to the Vaudeville Theatre to see "Dr. Wake's Patient." As a matter of fact, of course, "The Catch of the Season" occupies the boards at the Vaudeville, "Dr. Wake's Patient" being played at the Adelphi Theatre.

The Inevitable Dog.

The inevitable dog made its appearance just before the royal party arrived in Newcastle yesterday, and tore up and down between the lines of assembled people, who cheered loudly, to its evident gratification. Of course, the famous dog is the Derby dog, which almost invariably makes its appearance on the course just before the race is run. The efforts of the police to lure it behind the rails provoke great amusement, and somehow it always manages to disappear two or three seconds before the horses come round Tattenham Corner.

Tired of Luxury.

The mysterious disappearance of Gassaway Davis, the nephew of a former candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, is causing the people of Pittsburgh much excitement. A year ago the luxurious surroundings in which he lived with his parents, who are very wealthy, pulled upon young Davis, and he left home to go to the Carnegie steel mills, at Homestead, where he worked as an ordinary fireman, living a life of the greatest simplicity. Now he has suddenly left the steel works, his letters are returned to his relatives by the post office, and no clue to his whereabouts can be found.

Romance of an Accident.

To an accident is due the culmination in a happy marriage of a romantic attachment formed eight years ago between J. Walsh, an American jockey, and a Miss Grace Weaver, of Denver. Walsh first met Miss Weaver in a train when returning from a race meeting. The two saw a good deal of each other for some time, but then the jockey came to Europe to ride in England and on the Continent. For years he heard nothing of Miss Weaver until about twelve months ago, meeting with an accident while riding at Newmarket, he decided to return to America. On the day of the Bradford Handicap this year, one of the most important races on the American Turf, he met Miss Weaver again quite by chance. He laid siege to her heart, and their wedding has just taken place.

FORTUNE FOR A HALFPENNY.

Greatest Investment of the Age Which Every-one Can Make Next Week.

The publication of "The Harmsworth Self-Educator"—the first part of which will be ready on October 24—offers to everyone the means of fully equipping himself with the latest knowledge at the nominal cost of one halfpenny per day. Every possible subject upon which a man or woman can need information is included in "The Harmsworth Self-Educator." It is a practical guide to all professions and trades; it contains the most up-to-date information upon all arts and sciences; it teaches six languages, in addition to shorthand and typewriting; and it deals fully with the practical details of every-day life.

"The Harmsworth Self-Educator" will be published in forty-eight fortnightly parts at sevenpence each, the first of which will be on sale everywhere on October 24. The complete work will amount to over six thousand pages, containing five million words and thousands of illustrations, including maps and coloured plates. The entire work therefore—which will be of practical value for life—will cost only twenty-eight shillings, and being issued in fortnightly parts at sevenpence, the small sum of one halfpenny per day will purchase a complete course of all-round practical instruction.

Owing to the enormous demand for this unique and invaluable work, every intending reader should place an order for its regular delivery with the newsagent without delay.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

One of the judges at a baby show at Bangor was over eighty years of age.

It is proposed by a County Council Committee that a census of London shall be taken on the first of next April.

Surrey county licensing justices yesterday granted a music and dancing licence for the proposed new Hippodrome at Kingston-on-Thames.

Mrs. Massey-Mainwaring, wife of the Hon. W. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring, M.P. for Central Finsbury, died at Bishop's Stortford yesterday.

A labourer, sentenced at the Thames Court yesterday for wife desertion, had been arrested at an inquest on which he was serving as a jurymen.

By a curious coincidence Mr. Thomas Dicks, formerly in charge of the scenic arrangements at the Lyceum, died about six hours before his old master.

For the salvage of H.M. repairing-ship Assistance, which is ashore in Tetuan Bay, Morocco, Messrs. Bland and Co. have entered into a £10,000 contract with the Admiralty.

Leith Burghs Unionist selection committee yesterday decided to recommend Mr. Frank Cooper, K.C., son of the editor of the "Scotsman," as parliamentary candidate at the general election.

Tipsters had sent him circulars, said the vicar of Clitheroe (Lancs.) in a sermon denouncing gambling, setting forth how £10 frequently produced £50 under certain systems. He advised his hearers to test the value of such tips by putting an imaginary sovereign on each horse.

Mrs. Lewis Waller has announced her intention of retiring from the stage.

Holyhead Burial Board are converting two acres of a portion of their cemetery, which will not be required for some time, into allotments.

On the ground that the recently appointed magistrates were quite unrepresentative, the Aston Town Council yesterday decided to petition the Lord Chancellor to annul the list.

Mr. W. B. Monck, J.P., barrister, of Coley Park, Reading, who died as a result of his son's gun accidentally exploding while they were out shooting, left estate of the gross value of £137,879.

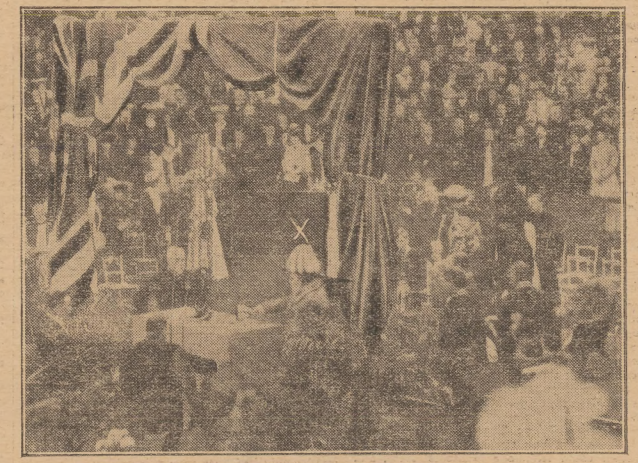
Three gentlemen, including the present mayor, have declined to occupy the civic chair next year at Northampton, and the town is confronted with the same difficulty she experienced in 1903 and 1904.

Delegates of the Labour Representation Committee of England have received a cordial invitation from the executive of the Independent Political Labour League of New Zealand to visit that country.

Cheshire Quarter Sessions yesterday decided to memorialise the Prime Minister and the President of the Council in favour of military drill and the use of the rifle in schools, at the cost of the Imperial Exchequer.

Attempting to rescue John Grey from a furnace in Swinney's foundry, Morpeth, yesterday, George Blackhall was himself overcome by gas fumes. Both men were dead when got out, and two of their comrades had narrow escapes.

ROYAL CEREMONY IN THE CITY YESTERDAY.



His Majesty laying the foundation-stone of the new Post Office building which is to be erected on the site of the Bluecoat School.—(S. P. Eolas and Co.)

By smashing a valuable painted window, thieves entered Digswell Church (Herts), and stole the contents of the alms-box for the poor.

In a few hours over £200 was promised to the guarantee fund for carrying out the historic pageant at Warwick Castle next summer.

Holyhead's town clerk is responsible for the statement that the Admiralty have in view the utilisation of Holyhead as a naval base for the protection of the western coast.

King Edward has approved the appointment of Mr. James A. Clyde, K.C., to be Solicitor-General for Scotland, and that of Mr. John Scott Fox, K.C., to be Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durham.

The Earl of Crawford is preparing for a cruise in his yacht along the South American coast. He also proposes visiting South Africa, Madagascar, and the Andaman Islands. A naturalist will accompany him.

With the aid of hydraulic jacks a warehouse, weighing in all 200 tons, on the banks of the River Dane, at Northwich (Cheshire), has been lifted at the rate of 2ft. a day to a height of 8ft. 6in.: The river wall is to be heightened.

The caricatures of Messrs. Toole, Clarke, and Irving that hung in the old Lotus Club, and which were produced in the Daily Mirror yesterday, have always been looked upon as the work of "Spy," of "Vanity Fair," but he informs us that this is a mistake.

Following the lead of Birmingham and other towns, Scarborough has decided to hold a special court for juvenile offenders, who are not to be placed in the dock.

Motor-cars are always being put to novel uses. One was pressed into service at Maryport, Cumberland, as a furniture removal van, household goods being packed on the rear seats.

Her hair entangled in a sewing machine before which she had been sitting, a young woman named Eliza Beech, of Salford, was found dead by her father. Apparently she had succumbed to a fit.

When the weavers started work at the Shakespeare Mill, Blackburn, yesterday the place was found to be full of gas. Luckily there was no explosion, but about twenty hands were quite overcome.

Grimsby's new dock at Immingham, on the Humber, is to be completed within four years; the contract, over £1,000,000 has been secured by Messrs. Price, Willows, and Reeves, constructors of the Barry Docks and Portsmouth Harbour Works.

The Great Western Railway Company announce express half-day excursions to Leamington, Warwick, Birmingham, West Bromwich, Wednesbury, Bilston, and Wolverhampton on Thursday and Saturday, October 19 and 20. The train will leave Paddington Station at 11.30 a.m. The fares will be 4s. to Leamington and Warwick, and 5s. to Birmingham, West Bromwich, Wednesbury, Bilston, and Wolverhampton.

ROOF BISLEY FOR BUSINESS MEN.

Lord Roberts To Open Interesting Rifle Range.

Lord Roberts will this afternoon open a rifle range that marks a step forward in the movement to make a Bisley for business men one of the probabilities of the future.

The Jaeger Woollen Company have constructed a miniature rifle range on the roof of their office building with the idea of training in marksmanship all the men in their employ.

This scheme of combining daily recreation and tuition in shooting for business men has met with the warmest approval from Lord Roberts, who has more than once expressed the hope that it will be taken up with enthusiasm by other City firms.

At to-day's opening ceremony Lord Roberts is to use a silver key, and his daughter, Lady Aileen, will fire the first shot.

Among the prominent military marksmen who have promised to attend are Sergeant Coomber, the winner of this year's Bisley championship.

Sergeant Coomber attributes a great deal of his skill with the rifle to constant practice on a miniature range.

CALL TO CITY MEN.

Following the opening ceremony at the Jaeger offices, Lord Roberts will address a large meeting of merchants and clerks at the London Rifle Brigade's hall on the necessity for rifle practice for City men.

The range of the new Jaeger Rifle Club is cleverly constructed over the skylights of the firm's offices.

A series of steel shields preclude any possibility of danger, and, although the range is only twenty-eight yards long, an arrangement of targets makes it the equal of a 600-yard range.

A series of disappearing targets will give that proficiency in snap-shooting that Lord Roberts considers so necessary in actual warfare.

Mr. Louis R. S. Tomalin, the firm's manager, who is president of the new club, has excluded the female employees of the firm from membership on the ground that the range is intended for actual military training.

DEARER MONEY TALK.

Stock Markets Depressed by Prospect of a Five per Cent. Bank-Rate.

CAPEL COURT, Monday Evening.—Money had an adverse influence on the stock markets to-day. Whether due to the talk of the coming Russian loan or to Paris not letting New York have gold, or however arising, there was a disposition to discuss the possibility of a 5 per cent. Bank rate. This naturally did not help the stock markets, and Consols dropped to 85½. The London County Council, in placing its six months' bills, had to pay a rather stiff discount rate, and this did not help matters.

In fact, all round the markets there was the same influence of dearer money talk. Home Rails at one time had looked like going ahead, and, indeed, Scottish stocks did respond fairly handsomely to the better trade news, but the dearer money talk told its tale, and most of the stocks managed to lose the bulk of their earlier advance. Still, there is no withstanding the big traffic savings, and, if these are maintained, the market optimism will increase, dear money or not.

Perhaps American Rails felt the force of the adverse circumstances as much as anything. Certainly London was disposed to sell them, and the close, though a little above the worst, was nothing to be proud of. Similarly the speculators in Canadian Pacific had rather a bad shake-out, and saw a loss of 2 points against them, while in Hudson's Bays there was a drop of £3 10s. in sympathy.

FOREIGN RAILS FIRM.

The Foreign Railway group kept up its show of firmness to which the markets have been so long accustomed, and there were further good points to aid them, such as the expectation of the good United of Havana dividend on Thursday, better Argentine labour news, and so on. The close was below the best, but the market certainly looked hopeful.

Some buying of copper shares towards the finish was no doubt due to the favourable statistics of the metal, showing a big reduction in the amount of the metal in sight. Otherwise the Bank rate possibilities and money talk affected the Foreign market equally with our own, though the political talk seems to have quite died down.

The story that the nitrate combination is fixed up is a little premature, but it had a good influence on nitrate shares to-day. For the rest, there was some buying in the Argentine land group and dulness in most other speculative sections.

Considering the surroundings, the Kafir share market kept up pretty well. The tone for mines generally was not particularly good, and the relative firmness of Kafirs at the slightly lower level is, therefore, the more encouraging.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the Daily Mirror are—
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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1905.

OUR GUESTS FROM PARIS.

SOME people sneer at the Entente Cordiale. They sneered when our fleet went to Brest. They sneered when the French fleet came to Portsmouth. They are sneering now at the hopes based upon the visit of the Paris municipal councillors whom we had the pleasure of welcoming to London yesterday.

"It's all very well," say these sneerers, "to pretend to be friends. It won't last. It suits the politicians just now, but wait until the interests of France and Britain clash again, and then see how much of your precious Entente Cordiale will be left."

There is something in this view. It is not "all a lie" which may be "met and fought with outright." It is one of those lies "which are half a truth," and are therefore "harder matter to fight." It is true, for example, that the politicians who have engineered the "good understanding" did it mostly to suit their own purposes. It is true also that, if it should suit them, they would be quite willing in a little while to go back to a "bad understanding."

But, fortunately, there is every reason to hope in this case that the two countries will gain much from the Entente Cordiale, in spite of the politicians. For the nations which live on either side of the Channel will get to know one another better and better, and that is the greatest safeguard there can be against their being pushed into hostility by the ambitious devices of their public men.

There are two things which nations ought always to bear in mind about each other. One is that all men are very much alike, and that you only want to know them well enough to find lots of good in them. The other is that, whoever may be benefited by wars, nations as a whole never are.

Up to quite recent years the various nations of Europe knew next to nothing about one another. We imagined that the French lived on frogs and snails; that the Italians were like monkeys; and the Germans a variety of hedgehog which never ceased swilling beer. We, in our turn, were firmly believed to have, every man Jack of us, long whiskers and prominent teeth, and to go about in Glengarry caps annexing everything we could lay hands on.

The increasing habit of Foreign travel has done a good deal to abolish these absurd ideas, but even yet there is a great deal of antiquated and unreasonable prejudice left. An Englishman will declare that the French are uncivilised because he cannot get roast beef and boiled potatoes in their hotels. A Frenchman will regard the English as savages because one of them once declined to have a railway carriage entirely closed against air.

Such visits as that which the Paris Councillors are paying us this week are of the greatest value in killing the notion that there are wide and impassable gulfs between the people of one country and the people of another. They do a great deal, therefore, to lessen the chances of war.

Even if you have a ground of quarrel against your neighbour, you do not feel in the least inclined to shoot at him in the street. It would strike you as a most barbarous proceeding. Just so, the time will come, as soon as nations are on really neighbourly terms, when the idea of settling a dispute by bloodshed will appear stupid and brutal.

We may surely reckon upon this—that our guests of this week, after being entertained in the homes of English families, will always be on the side of peace between France and England. Unless, indeed, they should have their digestions ruined too much by "resbit." That would be a terrible disaster. We look to their L.C.C. hosts to take all necessary precautions.

H. H. F.

SAYINGS OF NELSON.

When a lady's in the case, all other things must give place.

If ever I feel great, it is in never having in thought, word, or deed robbed any man of his fair fame.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LAST of the Palmerston Bishops, the late Dr. Ellicott, who resigned the See of Gloucester only last March, will be best remembered as a great Greek scholar, chairman of the New Testament Revision Committee, and editor of the New Testament Commentary. He was born four years after the Battle of Waterloo, but, despite his age, showed remarkable physical activity almost to the last, and no one who was not aware of the fact would have believed that once he had both his legs fractured in a railway accident.

This was during a journey from London to Cambridge. The Bishop had no thought for his own sufferings, but ministered to the dying, and the directors of the Great Eastern Company were so impressed by his conduct that they asked him to accept a life pass on their railway. Prior to this accident Dr. Ellicott excelled as a figure skater, and was also a keen mountaineer. It was no mean achievement to cross the Aletsch glacier alone in a snowstorm when over sixty years of age, but the Bishop made light of the adventure. Of late years he went in for tricycling, and often rode long distances to outlying parishes in his diocese.

It was under very different circumstances that Dr. Paul Brousse, who, with his colleagues of the

height of the summer season. There is much *va et vici*, but the arrivals far exceed in number the departures. The theatres and places of amusement are doing brisk business, and never were the restaurants so full. It really seems as if private kitchens have been all but abolished. It is found so much cheaper and less troublesome to dine out. In the West End Claridge's most sumptuous restaurant is becoming more and more the chosen rendezvous at lunch and dinner for the families from the neighbouring mansions, and there, too, is always to be seen the cream of Continental and American society. Amongst Claridge's guests during the last day or two have been: Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Earl and Countess of Selson, the Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford, the Earl and Countess of Wilton, Sir Frederick Johnstone, the Hon. Ivor and Mrs. Guest, the Hon. Cyril and Mrs. Ward, and numerous other well-known people.

Autumn leaves of richly variegated tints play the principal part in the lovely schemes of table decoration which Mr. Pruger introduces nightly at the Savoy Restaurant. They excite universal admiration among the guests. These on Sunday evening included the Marquis of Anglesey, Prince Mirza, Lord Gerard, Le Comte de Rosas, Lord Farquhar, Lord Portarlington, Lord Alington,

shire to-morrow. While he is taking a holiday, however, he believes in it being a thorough one. The villagers at Kingsdown, where Sir Robert's country residence is, recently asked him to have the clock over his stable repaired, as they would like to know the time. "Time?" retorted Sir Robert. "What do I care about time? I want to forget all about time when I come down here."

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

MADE IN ITALY.

Your pungent and able comments on the ineptitude of the War Office with regard to the new military hospital tempt me to invite attention to an even more serious matter connected with this hopeless department, viz., the placement of Government contracts in foreign countries for manufactured goods which could be obtained as well and as cheaply in this country.

It is no secret that the newly-created "Barrack Construction Branch" of the War Department is placing considerable contracts for Italian-made goods to be used in the new military college at Millbank. Further than this, large quantities of these Italian manufactures are used in buildings in course of erection on Crown property in the West End of London.

Is it not time that the pressure of public opinion be exerted to stop the reckless craze of sending abroad vast sums of money which, if spent in our own country, would greatly tend to revive trade, to give work to our unemployed, and thereby relieve the growing burdens of the already over-weighted ratepayers at home? F. M. H. Kensington.

WASP WAISTS.

A neat figure and a small waist indicate refinement. History has over and over again proved that the age of the greatest refinement, and, let me add, gallantry (both in the courtesans and courageous sense), has been marked by tight-lacing.

Not only did the ladies of the courts of Elizabeth and Catherine de Medici possess waists of almost inconceivable slenderness, viz., thirteen or fourteen inches, but even many of the men distinguished for their courage, stamina, wit, and brains, wore corsets.

The mid-Victorian era, productive of some of the greatest men of the nineteenth century, was also a tight-lacing era. My grandmother, when a young woman, possessed a waist which was but little over fifteen inches, and scores of other girls of her day were as small.

Thank goodness the reign of the flat-footed, slovenly, "hockey"-waisted girl seems doomed. Mudeford, Hants. HAROLD SPENCER.

DOES IT PAY TO BE CONSCIENTIOUS?

"E. N. C." says if there were no hereafter it would not pay to be good. In other words, he is only good because he fears hell-fire.

I do not believe in a hereafter, yet I am certain it "pays to be conscientious." The payment is self-respect, ability to look all men in the face, the knowledge that one has done one's best and wronged no man.

That is what Morality means to me, I am sorry Christianity should make "E. N. C." take so much lower a view of it. P. R. McD. Hyde Park-court.

"YOUTH AND VEGETABLES."

Vegetarians do not live exclusively on carrots or boiled turnips, badly-boiled potatoes, or mashes of half-cooked beans. In fact, they eat sparingly of vegetables as a rule, but have charming varieties of well-cooked and daintily-served dishes made from pulses, cereals, rice, macaroni, nuts, farinaceous foods, cheese, eggs, butter, cream; also fruits, fresh and dried.

These make far more appetising meals than the flesh of dead animals. M. V. G. Tankerton, Whitstable-on-Sea.

WHY, INDEED?

Can anyone say why a householder, if he has to move from one town to another, should lose his vote in parliamentary elections until he has been so long resident again?

This is a matter which concerns me deeply, for I am an ardent politician and student of public welfare. I have been a householder now for six years. Yet, because my business has compelled me to move frequently, I have not yet, under the existing conditions, been entitled to vote.

E. C. JENNINGS.

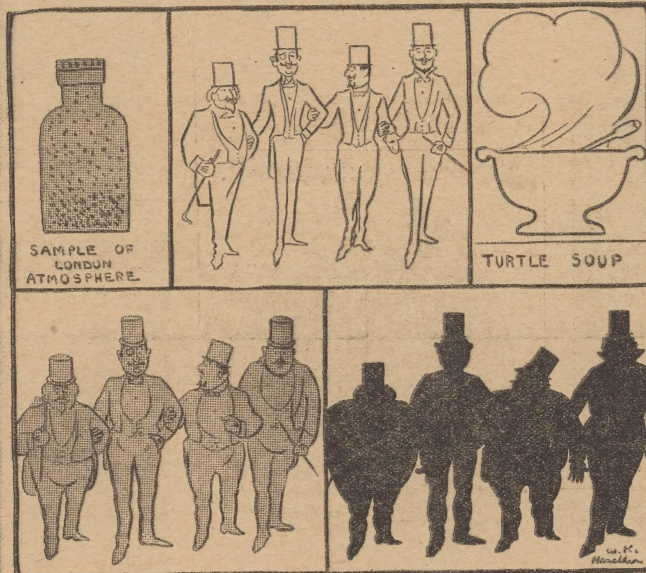
Staten-gardens, Twickenham.

IN MY GARDEN.

OCTOBER 16.—The strong west wind now brings down clouds of leaves; beautiful they look carpeting the smooth, green lawn with gold. And as the leaves are carrying down the shrubbery walks, to collect in some enclosed corner in great heaps, winter seems almost at hand.

In the flower garden even the hardiest plants grow weary of cold, dull days, and one by one become flowerless. Yet, in spite of night frosts last week, dahlias are to-day covered with fine blooms, while tender plants (such as geraniums and begonias) are, as yet, unharmed. Lovely roses are still found. E. F. T.

"L'ENTENTE MUNICIPALE."



Remarkable effect of our hospitality and atmosphere upon the municipal councillors from Paris. They find London very smoky. By Saturday they will have grown sottier and plumper.

Paris Municipal Council, is the guest of the London County Council this week, paid his first visit to England some thirty years ago. The pleasant-looking man of sixty who is now president of the council, was then practically a fugitive from the Continent. Implicated in the Communist insurrection he had escaped from Paris to Spain, only to fly a little later with a price upon his head for complicity in a revolutionary plot at Barcelona. But in Switzerland, where he sought sanctuary, he was soon in hot water again, and was twice sent to prison. After a short stay in Belgium he came to England, and from here went back to France to lead calmer days in store. As long ago as 1887 he became a member of the Paris Council, and this spring the respect entertained by every section of his colleagues for his abilities and personality culminated in his election as president.

Upon a much younger man, and one of a very different type to Dr. Brousse, devolves the duty of acting as official host to our French visitors. Mr. Edwin A. Cornwall, the chairman of the London County Council, is no fiery protagonist who has made a stir in the outer world, but has all his life confined his interests to London and its local government. Thoroughness has always been his chief characteristic, and he qualified for the London County Council by serving in every office of the local government machinery of Fulham, having been vestryman, overseer, and guardian. A justice of the peace for the City of London, he has, at the age of forty-one, become chairman of its great governing body.

London has its autumn glories, and, despite leaders shies above and upturned streets below, the pursuit of pleasure appears to be as brisk now as in

Admiral and Lady FitzGeorge, the Hon. A. Campbell, Baron George de Reuter, Sir Horace Tazewell, and Sir Charles Harcourt. Large parties were given by the Earl and Countess of Clonmel, the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn, Prince Schoenberg (of the German Embassy), Lord Francis Scott, Lord Ashburton, Baron Ryckwicz, and Sir J. R. and Lady Parkington.

Mme. Calvé suffers from nerves as much as any other artist of highly-emotional temperament. But when there is real danger she has an abundant supply of courage to draw upon. While the passengers on the French liner *La Savoie* were quivering with terror during the recent storm, she cheered their spirits by singing selections from "Carmen" with as much self-control as if she had been in an opera house on shore. No doubt she was wearing the charm given her by the late Queen Victoria, which she regards as an invincible mascot. It protected her, she firmly believes, from the admirer in New York who was in such a frenzy of disappointment at being refused a personal interview that he threatened to shoot her. At times she indulges, however, in morbid idiosyncrasies, and to the consternation of her friends, has insisted upon having her sepulchre prepared and her tombstone carved.

With the end of the Long Vacation approaching one finds numerous leading lights of the Bar back in town again. Many of those who are members of the House of Commons are "getting fit" for their legal work by rushing about the country addressing political meetings. Sir Robert Reid, one of the busiest K.C.s of the day, evidently believes in this form of training, and, after addressing a meeting in London last night, is to be in Lanca-

NEWS by PHOTOGRAPHS

MARRIAGE OF MISS ORCHARDSON.



Miss Hilda Orchardson, daughter of the Royal Academician, was married to Mr. H. G. S. Gray, at St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church. The photograph shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the church.

DEATH OF BISHOP ELICOTT.



The Right Rev. Charles John Ellicott, D.D., late Bishop of Gloucester, who has just died at the age of eighty-six. He was the last of the Palmerston Bishops. In his younger days he was well known as a figure skater, and up to a few years ago rode his tricycle daily.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



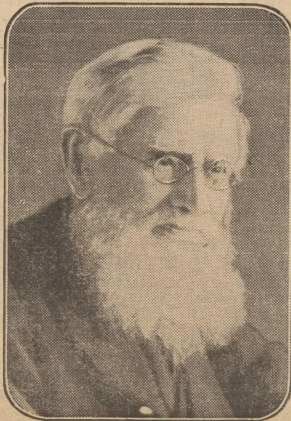
Miss Aileen Vincent, daughter of Colonel Vincent, who will be married to-day to Mr. H. K. Hamilton-Wedderburn, of the Scots Guards, at the Guards' Chapel.—(Lallie Charles.)

"IAN MACLAREN" RETIRES.



The Rev. John Watson, "Ian MacLaren," preached his farewell sermon at Liverpool on Sunday.—(Russell.)

DR. WALLACE'S "LIFE."



The veteran scientist's autobiography was published yesterday.—(Elliott and Fry.)

EVENTS of the

THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT



A historic visit to the City was paid by the King and Queen yesterday when h Majesty laid the foundation-stone of the new Post Office building in Newgate street. The excellent snapshot was taken on the way, and caught the King at a happy moment.

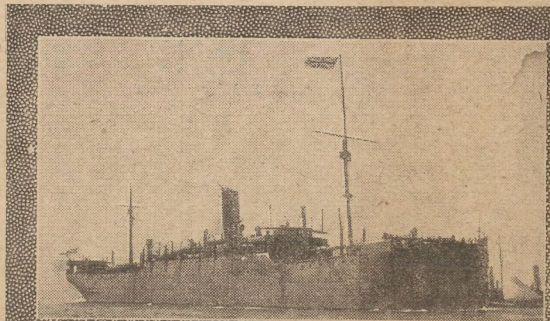
PREPARING FOR NELSON DAY.



Mr. Larkyns and his steeplejacks busy preparing the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar-square for Saturday's centennial celebration. The photograph shows the men working at the base of the column.

An interest from the Statue, a jack at

REPAIR WARSHIP WRECKED.



H.M.S. Assistance, the repair vessel attached to the Mediterranean Squadron which went ashore at Tetuan and is in danger of breaking up. She was the most perfectly equipped repair-ship afloat.

DAY RECORDED BY CAMERA

TO THE CITY YESTERDAY.



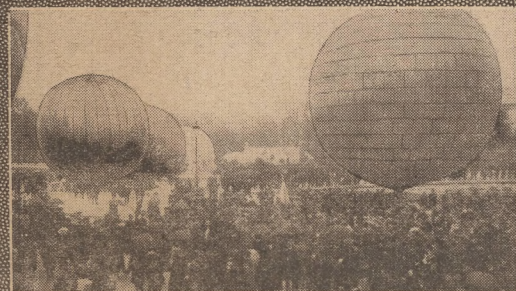
An unfortunate accident, which occurred in Holborn. A horse attached to Sheriff Bowater's carriage, which headed the civic procession, slipped, and a constable's foot was badly crushed. The photograph shows the injured man being attended to.

STRAND THEATRE SOLD.



The Strand Theatre, the scene of Lady Bancroft's earlier triumphs, when known as Miss Marie Wilton, the leading burlesque actress of the time, which has been sold, and is now the site of a "tube" station.

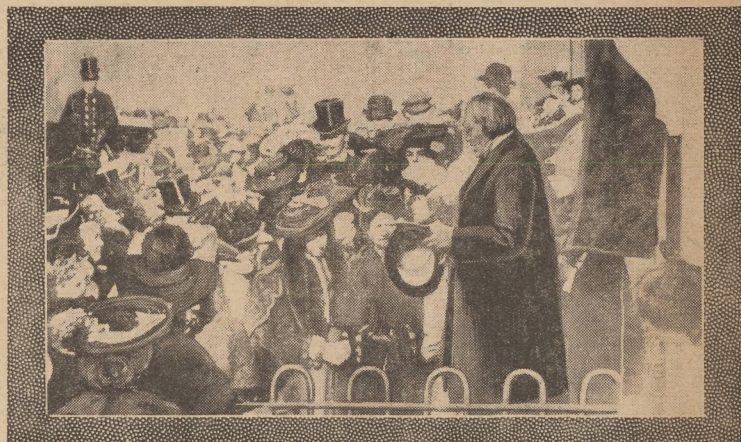
PARIS BALLOON DEBUT.



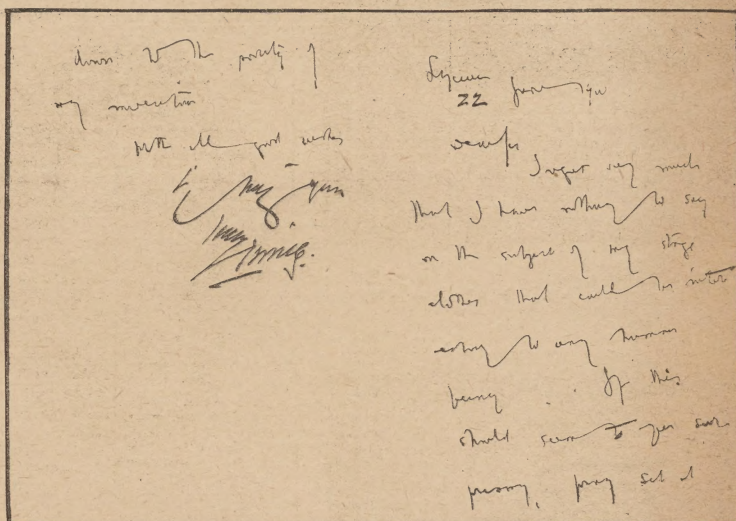
The start of the Paris balloon race from the Tuileries Gardens on Sunday. Twenty balloons were ready, but three did not ascend, in consequence of the stormy weather.

CAMERAGRAPHS

WHERE IRVING CAUGHT HIS DEATH CHILL.



Sir Henry Irving unveiling the Quin memorial at Bath in February. It was through standing bareheaded for half an hour in a keen north-east wind that he caught the chill which resulted in his illness at Wolverhampton, and from which he never fully recovered.



A letter, signed by Sir Henry Irving, regretting that he has "nothing to say about his stage clothes," and humorously giving as the reason "my paucity of invention."



Miss Wynn Matheson, the last to be on the stage with Sir Henry Irving in "Becket" on Friday night.—(Bassano.)



Sir Henry and Tim, his favourite fox-terrier. This was a photograph of which the great actor was very fond.—(Fradelle and Young.)

"ISN'T SHE A CAT?"

Popular Novelist Who Thinks Such a Comparison Unfair.

WOMEN AND DOGS.

By EDWIN PUGH.

Why women should be commonly likened to the felines and men to the canines is a thing so fellow can understand who has taken the trouble to ponder the matter with an open mind. Yet you never hear a rake called "a bit of a cat," or a nagging woman, "an ill-tempered cur." And this is the more odd because, as a matter of fact, a woman's nature is far more akin to that of a dog than a man's is; whilst men, as a rule, much more closely resemble cats than women do.

The mistake, I fancy, arises from the circumstance that few people will be bothered to understand cats, whilst dogs are admitted to the closest intimacy, are sedulously studied, and talked and written about. It is popularly assumed, as a thing established, that dogs are vastly more intelligent than cats; but, speaking as one who has had a wide and varied experience of both cats and dogs, I am strongly disposed to dissent from this view—just as I am to object to the dictum that men are cleverer than women.

The truth is that cats are more reserved than dogs—just as men, in most respects, are more reserved than women. They do not "gush" as women and dogs do. They require to know you pretty well before they repose any confidence in you, or reveal their hearts. They are not so eager to win others' good opinion. They are not so fond of display, of admiration, of being fussed up and down much of. Dogs and women are like that; but cats are indifferent, as the majority of men are, to applause which, for all they know, may be insincere or merely silly and unintelligent and consequently worthless.

MEN AND CATS.

Tell a mangy, red-eyed mongrel that he is a fine fellow, and he will almost wag his tail for joy. And it does not matter that he has never seen you before. But murmur softly, "Pretty pussy!" to a cat to whom you have not been formally introduced, and he will stalk off disdainfully, saying quite plainly: "What impudent familiarity!" or he will suspect you of "getting up!" him; and go away and think it over, just as a man does when he is officiously told by a casual acquaintance that he is the very image of some famous actor-manager.

The sage person who advised her newly-wed sisters to "feed the brute" meant that he should be fed well and regularly if his affections were to be retained; and not that he should be kept supplied with unlimited quantities of miscellaneous provender. Men are not necessarily greedy because they are fond of good food. Cats, too, insist on being fed well and regularly. They are not content to subsist on miscellaneous scraps, as dogs and women notoriously are. Any garbage will satisfy a dog. And everybody knows—even the ladies themselves admit it—that if it were not for their menfolk they would often "scow" set meals altogether, nibbling biscuits and cakes of chocolates at odd moments.

Cats, again, are more vain than dogs, just as men are more vain than women.

They have far more physical pluck—or it may be bluff—than dogs, and will stand up to a terrier twice their size undauntedly. Men also, speaking generally, have more physical courage than women. On the other hand, they have less moral courage. They hate to appear ridiculous, as cats do.

"GAY DOG" A MISNOMER.

Men and cats, again, are alike supremely jealous of their dignity. Take liberties with a cat's tail or a man's hat and he will never pardon the offence. But dogs and women will romp to the top of their bent and never appear abashed, for the simple reason that they don't care an atom if they appear so or not.

Again, neither cats nor men are ever quite so ready to forget and forgive as dogs and women are. If you have at any time done a man or a cat a serious injury—either purposely or accidentally—he will always remember that, and never be quite the same to you again. Give a cat or a man a sound thrashing and he is your deadly enemy for life. But dogs and women—though women will deny it—seem almost to love you better the crueler you are to them.

Men are sometimes called "gay dogs"; but dogs do not go out on the spree for days together, as cats and men do occasionally. The phrase should more fully be "gay cats," though I have little hope of its popular adoption.

It would seem, in short, that we have got into a foolish way of likening women to cats merely because cats are graceful and tactful, clean and pretty; and we have not troubled to probe beneath the sleek fur. I prefer to take this view, anyway, rather than to think that women and cats are supposed to be alike because cats are "snuggly," spiteful, treacherous, cunning, or cruel. Indeed, I hold that these qualities are no more characteristic of women than of men—or cats.

EDWIN PUGH.

All That a Man Hath.

By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Until the end of time there shall be no release.

Sabra felt that the battle was over already, and that, as she had expected, as she had known, she was defeated. But her blood was hot in her veins. She had suffered insult and baseless accusations from the lips of one of her own kin. She was too proud of the Vallence blood to treat her aunt as she was treated. Lady Ursula was no enemy, and to be fought with her own weapons to the bitter end, to the hopeless end, about which, from the beginning, there had been no shadow of doubt in her mind.

"Aunt Ursula," she said quietly, and with the ceremonious courtesy one uses towards a stranger, will you please tell me plainly whether it is of an angry nature that I am to discuss the matter with you further."

But Lady Ursula was past quiet discussion, or, indeed, discussion of any kind. She had sunk into a chair, her fingers knotted together in a nervous frenzy, a burning hectic spot in the middle of each hollow cheek, so shaken by the violence of her emotion that she had difficulty in drawing breath. And all at once she became to the girl a pitiful sight, the lonely woman who would look on nothing that was bright and sweet, but had set herself the difficult task of living on the earth as if she were not of it. Sabra's heart melted, despite herself. What did one human being know of another, after all? What struggles might not have raged within that withered breast? What sorrows, what disappointments, what torture past the bearing might not have driven her into this unnatural hatred of all natural things?

The girl approached her gently and tried to take one of her thin, beautiful hands.

"Aunt Ursula, we must not be bitter against one another," she said softly.

But her hand was hung off, and the purple eyes, full of hatred and all uncharitableness, threw back her attempt at peacemaking into her face.

"There is no question of discussion," said Lady Ursula, when she had controlled her voice. "It is a question of your salvation. How can you expect me to give way? Bargain or promise, or vow—it is all the same. You made it; you gave it; and I hold you to it."

"But, Aunt Ursula, there is no bargain now," insisted Sabra patiently. "I take nothing from you—I have hardly taken anything. All the benefits that you would confer on me I refuse, and give back to you."

"You give back what you don't want," muttered the elder woman sulkily.

"We Vallences have always boasted of our sense of honour," retorted the girl, with growing heat. She could not keep calm. "I have the word of honour, I have the word of honour. I would, to keep me to a bargain in which you get all the benefits, when I expressly ask you to release me."

"Honourable!" cried Lady Ursula, again losing complete control of herself. "Bargain! Child, of what do you speak? It is of your immortal soul I think. And you talk of bargains. I will snatch you from damnation despite yourself. I would have believed you, Sabra, to be a creature of such a low order of mind as to be so ready to bargain in which you get all the benefits, when I expressly ask you to release me."

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(Continued on page 13.)

MR. SANDOW AND THE FAKIR.

People Under the Spell of Fetishes in England.

STRAIGHT TALK.

Since the article that appeared in these columns last week, I have been inundated with correspondence. A large number of correspondents inquire as to the results of what they are pleased to describe as my "Health Crusade."

Others again, ask me to publish the story of my tour throughout the great Indian peninsula. I hope to do so at an early date, for I was afforded unusual opportunities of obtaining impressions that cannot fail to prove of interest to the members of a nation so pre-eminent as an Empire-builder.

For the present, and in view of the urgent work before me, I hope that my friends will accept this article as an interim reply.

At the present moment, when all eyes are turned towards India as the objective of the forthcoming royal tour, some remarks by one who has just returned from that country may prove of special interest.

WHAT IS A WOMAN'S LIFE?

But it is impossible in the very limited space available in a daily newspaper to more than merely touch upon one or two features of life in so great a country, and one, too, where the features are so numerous and varied as to tend to confuse the understanding in much the same way as the eye is puzzled by the intricate colour mosaic of a kaleidoscope. The different religious and caste distinctions, and the varying physical aspects of so vast a land, all go to make a kaleidoscope rather than a well-defined picture to the mind's eye.

The inequality of the sexes—the much inferior status of the female—is clearly illustrated by a well-authenticated incident of Indian history.

One of the country's kings had a beautiful daughter, whose hand was sought by several rival princes. Fearing to give offence, he solved the problem by killing her, saying: "What is a woman's life that it should cause trouble?"

Another evil feature of Indian life is the custom of child marriage. This may be largely responsible for my impression of the Hindoos as being the children of children in physique and strength of mind as well as body.

I may be pardoned for relating a personal incident of my tour, and I only introduce it because it so forcibly illustrates the attitude of the native mind towards new methods, especially European.

SELF-SACRIFICIAL COUGH OF SPIKES.

It appears that my lectures and demonstrations in an adjacent city had been attended by some villagers. Their tales of my success in the treatment of ailments greatly incensed the village medicine man—one of the Naga fakirs, I was informed. Fearing the moral and material damage likely to result from my Natural Healing teachings, he conceived the idea of stirring up a hostile demonstration against me on my passage through his village to another large city. The road was blocked up by excited and threatening villagers, at whose head appeared the fakir on his self-sacrificial couch of spikes. The villagers were being incited to violence by the angry imprecations and fierce exhortations of the fanatical old man.

Fortunately, the headman came forward and parleyed with my interpreter, adding that he had no ill-will, and that he was only anxious to see me, and if I could cure him the villagers would be appeased.

The shy old fakir took up the request as a challenge of his own.

I asked for the suffering man to be brought before me, and as the result of an examination I de-

clined to accept the challenge, but said I should require some time in which to effect a cure.

THE FIERCE OLD FAKIR.

The fakir jeered at this, and demanded an immediate cure. I asked how long the sufferer had been under the old man's unsuccessful treatment. The fakir answered, "Three years," and I undertook to effect a cure in less than three months, to the great chagrin of the fierce old fakir. I also pointed out that in view of my engagements at other places it would be necessary to take the sufferer with me, but undertook to bring him with me on my return, and within the specified time.

The headman, no doubt remembering the fruitless ministrations of the fakir, readily enough agreed to entrust his son to my care.

To cut the story short, I returned in the specified time with the patient a well man.

By the strange telepathy of the natives the news preceded my return, and the villagers turned out en masse, but the fakir had disappeared from a place where he felt he would no longer be sufficiently honoured.

The relation of this incident of my tour in the Far East reminds me that while we have no Naga fakirs in England, yet it is clear to me that many here are more or less under the spell of fetishes of another kind, and in the shape of patent medicines.

OVER FORTY MILLIONS.

During the past twelve months the amount received by the Revenue for stamp duty on patent medicines was £231,439, and the number of stamps sold was 49,566,574—one to every man, woman, and child in Great Britain.

It is so easy to run to a near-by drug store when violations of Nature's laws exact their penalty of suffering. This course is prompted solely by the hope of immediate relief. There is no thought of how to permanently reform the conditions that give rise to the pain and weakness. Soothe to-day's pain and let to-morrow's take care of itself. But what of to-morrow? Will not the ridiculously simple act of swallowing a nostrum prove all too tempting once again?

Thus drug slaves forge their own fetters of slavery to drugs.

Thus, temporary derangements of body and mind become chronic, and the sufferer is a slave to two hard masters—disease and drugs.

I hope my words will avail with those who will make up their mind not to wait for bitter experience to teach them the truth of what I have said.

TO SATISFY YOUR JUDGMENT.

Don't waste valuable time in wondering as to why, when, where, and how my Treatment is so successful when you can have the facts wherewith to satisfy your judgment. The details of my System are plainly set forth in a treatise entitled "Curative Physical Culture." I am only too pleased to send a copy gratis and post free to all who apply for it, and who at the same time send me details of the ailments in which they are interested. Address me: Eugen Sandow, Dept. D.M., Basing House, Basinghall-street, London, E.C.

Time was when I was jeered at for daring to come before the public with my system of Natural Healing, and I fully recognise that no words of mine, however eloquent, could have altered my standing in this respect, even to this day. To-day, however, that is all a matter of the past, I am pleased to be able to say. There is now an ever-increasing and loud-swalling chorus from thousands who out of gratitude for benefits received voluntarily sing the praises of, and thus advertise, the wonder-working powers of my Curative Physical Culture.

As I stated in my last article, one out of every five of my patients come to me on the recommendation of their medical men. On looking into the matter again, however, I find that I rather underestimated the power, whilst I also discovered that one in every three speaks of having been induced to write to me by a former patient.

My Treatment succeeds because it is in accordance with Nature's laws of Physiological Regeneration. The body is rebuilt throughout of healthier and stronger materials, and free from the unhealthy conditions that give rise to weakness and pain. How this is accomplished can be read in my Treatise, "Curative Physical Culture," which will be placed in your hands just as quickly as my Majesty's mail can bring it if you write for it now.

MERSTHAM TUNNEL TRAGEDY—INQUEST CONCLUDED YESTERDAY.



Two adjourned inquest into the death of Miss Mary Money, the victim of the Merstham Tunnel tragedy, was held at the Roathurst Inn, Merstham, yesterday, and after several witnesses had been examined an open verdict was returned. The photographs show—(1) (reading from left to right) Miss Hone, Mr. Arthur Bridger, and Mrs. Bridger; (2) Mr. Morris, who thought he saw Miss Money on Victoria Station on the night of her death; (3) P.C. Burke, who gave evidence as to finding the body; (4) Mr. C. W. Money and Mrs. Money entering the court; (5) Miss Golding and Miss Hone, both of whom spoke to Miss Money on the fatal Sunday; (6) the scene at the inquest; and (7) Miss Mary Money.

A Wonderful Little Book

Have you sent for our handbook on Skin Troubles yet? There are hundreds of thousands of copies in circulation, and you should certainly get one while it is still on offer. It is only a little book and will go into "your" book, but it contains more genuine and valuable information than many books twenty times its size. Let us mention the headings of some of the paragraphs:—Care of the Skin, What the Skin Is, What a Skin Trouble Is, The Antexema Skin Remedies, Skin Troubles Caused by Excessive Oily Secretion, by Deficient Oily Secretion, by Excessive Formation of scar-skin, by Temporary Loss of scar-skin, by Unhealthy scar-skin, by Acid Perspiration, by Impure blood, and Those Caused by Insects and Vegetable Moulds. Some of the skin troubles referred to are:—Acne, Babies' Skin Troubles, Bad Complexions, Baldness, Itchy Skin, Bores, Blisters, Bores and Scalds, Chilblains, Corns, and Bunions, Dandruff, Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable, Eczema, Chapped Skin; Skin Troubles affecting the Eyes, Ears, Feet, Hands, and Nails; Eczema (chronic and acute), Eruptions of the Legs, Unhealthy Menstruation, Chloasma, Freckles, Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Nettles Rash, Pimples, Prickly Heat, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Scabies, Scald Head, Scrofula, Shingles, Ulcers, Warts, and Wrinkles. General Hints on Diet are given, and a full list of the "Antexema" preparations, so that the booklet is full of interest.



"A most useful little book." Gouty Eczema, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Nettles Rash, Pimples, Prickly Heat, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Scabies, Scald Head, Scrofula, Shingles, Ulcers, Warts, and Wrinkles. General Hints on Diet are given, and a full list of the "Antexema" preparations, so that the booklet is full of interest.

FACTS ABOUT YOUR SKIN.

Immediately your skin looks red, rough, has pimples upon it, or anything of that kind, give it attention. Don't imagine you will get over your trouble by letting things take their course. It is because people fancy that slight skin ailments will cure themselves that you see so many people with bad complexions or disfigured with breakings out of some kind. "A stitch in time saves nine," and a little attention to one's health when the first signs of illness appear saves a great deal of pain, discomfort, and misery later.

IMPRESS THIS FACT ON YOUR MIND

"Antexema" was the discovery of a well-known doctor, and cures every form of skin trouble, however serious, and is the very thing for every-day troubles, such as chafed or irritated skin, cuts, bruises, burns, chaps, or chilblains. The moment "Antexema" is applied all irritation stops. It is rapidly superseding and is far superior to cold cream, or other such preparations. Cold cream merely cools and soothes, whilst "Antexema" not only soothes and cools, but also heals, which is a most important point.

SIT DOWN AND WRITE NOW

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or will be sent direct post free in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. We will forward a copy of the revised illustrated edition of our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," a free trial of "Antexema," to all who mention the *Daily Mirror* and enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing. Write to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

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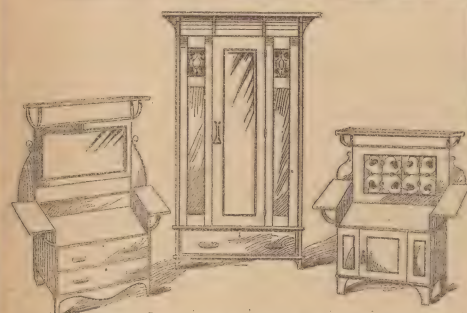
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PRETTIEST part of Kent, near large town; freehold land
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balance 20s. 11d. monthly; no law costs.—Homesteads
(1), Ltd., 27, Essex-st., Strand, W.C.

A SEAFARING CHEF



Tests these Experiences—

The popularity of the PERSONAL EXPERIENCES which are a feature of
these columns is amazing. Innumerable correspondents inform us what
timely and valuable assistance the narratives have rendered them. A
typical example reaches us from the pen of Mr. J. E. Amos, a Seafaring
Chef, who, when suffering acutely from Nausea, Indigestion, and a host
of attendant ills, read our readers' experiences of Phosferine, and at once
gave the famous Nerve Tonic a trial. He states that the first bottle
cured him right away—and made him a sounder man than he ever was,
or expected to be. Mr. Amos then very hopefully administered the
Tonic to his wife, who was thin, weak, nervous, and always weary when
in the Australian Climate. Although nursing her baby, the Phosferine
was so effective that strength, briskness, a good appetite and steady
nerves returned to her so rapidly, that Mrs. Amos says the Tonic is
splendid!

To His Lasting Benefit.

Mr. J. E. Amos, Seafaring Chef, 6, Wade St., Poplar, writes:—"I had
been troubled with Indigestion for more than six years, with severe pain
in the stomach and fulness after eating, which sometimes becomes almost
unbearable, and a nasty disagreeable belching and nausea, ending with
looseness and pain in the bowels. I have tried Doctor and Patent
Medicine, but to no account, and could only find temporary relief from
Camphorated Spirit or Green Ginger, until three years ago I came back
to London as chief cook in one of the steamers of a firm trading to
Australia. I read in a magazine of Phosferine being a Tonic and recom-
mended for weak digestion and loss of appetite; I tried it and am much
pleased to say that before I finished the first small bottle, my appetite was
restored, and by continued use I was cured of indigestion; now I can eat
anything, thanks to your Phosferine.

We were living in Queensland some years ago and the summer months
affected my wife greatly—she became thin, weak and nervous and was
often laid up, and the doctor could do her no good. The hot months
always prostrate her, making her weary and drowsy, but since taking
your Phosferine she has much improved, and has almost lost that
nervousness, and has a good appetite now, she still uses it and, although
nursing, she is improving in strength, and baby is none the worse."—
November 9, 1904.

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A PROVEN REMEDY FOR Lassitude, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Back-ache,
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Roumania, H.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia, H.M. the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia,
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DOMESTIC HINTS AND THREE VERY PRETTY NOVELTIES IN PERSONAL ATTIRE.

METHODS OUR GRAND-MOTHERS APPROVED.

HOW TO CLEANSE GOOD GLASS AND CHINA.

The proper way to wash delicate china is to have two bowls—one filled with warm, soapy water, and the other with cold water to rinse them in. Take the cups and saucers, one by one, and wash them in the warm, soapy water, then rinse them well in the cold water and let them drain on a board or tray. Dry the china with a soft linen glass-cloth to give it a good polish.

For cups, saucers, and dainty plates, washing soda is rarely needed in the water, and if there should be much gilt in the pattern of the china it should never be used, as soda has a most injurious effect on gilt, causing it to rub off altogether.

Hot, soapy water should be sufficient to remove any grease.

Supposing the cups are stained by cold tea or coffee being left in them, after pouring it away rub the inside of the cup with a little salt, and when it is washed afterwards the stain will disappear. It is necessary that dinner plates and dishes be washed with soda in the water, as otherwise greasy marks will be left on them. They should also be rinsed under running water, and then put up on a plate-rack without being dried.

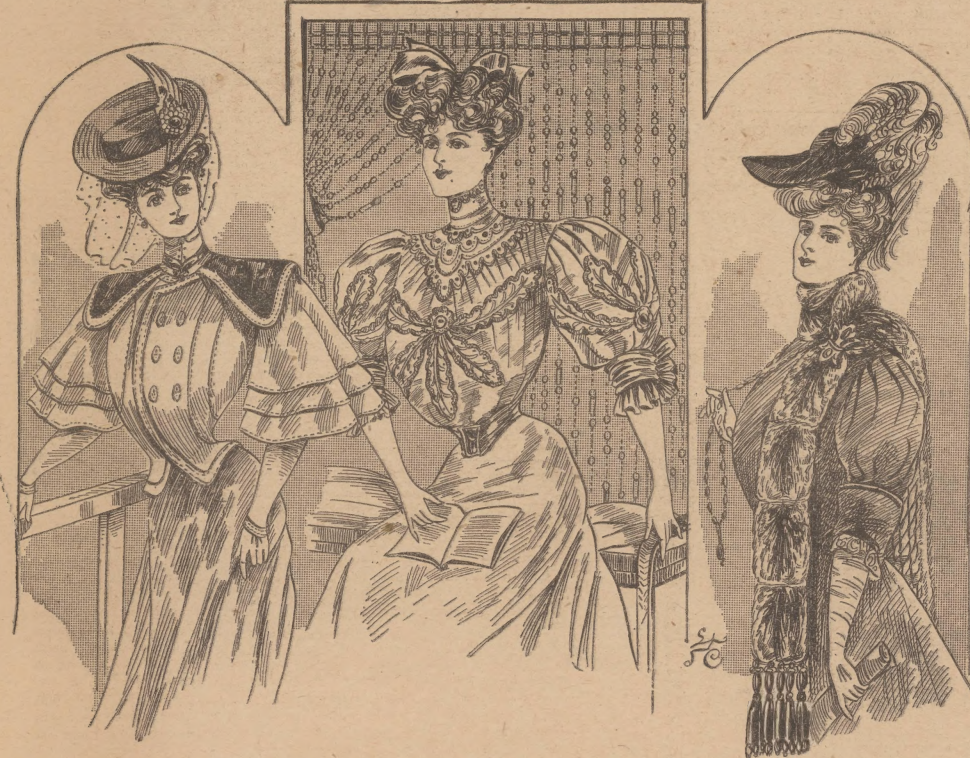
Our great-grandmothers took far more care of and pride in their glass and china than modern housewives do. Well aware were they that there is nothing that repays one more for careful washing and drying than glass. First take a basin of warm water softened with dissolved soap, which makes a very good lather. The water must not be too hot or it will crack the glass. Have a basin of clean water to rinse the glass in after washing it, and if a very fine polish be desired for it have a third basin of cold water with a little ammonia in it.

Wash each piece separately, rinse it well, and

dry it with a soft glass-cloth which should be made of linen, or tiny fluffy particles will stick to the glass and spoil its bright appearance. When it is washed and dried polish it with a leather kept only for the purpose, or with a silk handkerchief or with some soft tissue-paper.

When dealing with cut-glass, if the pattern be at all deep use a soft brush with a little soap rubbed on it so that all the crevices of the pattern be thoroughly cleansed. Rinse it in clean water and a little household ammonia.

The most delicate cut-glass may be placed in hot water without cracking it if it is laid sideways in the water. To cleanse bottles or glass jars fill them about two-thirds with warm water and put in several pieces of brown or blotting-paper well soaped. Rinse the jars or bottles thoroughly and invert them to dry. To clean water-bottles take one tablespoonful of cold tea-leaves and one tablespoonful of vinegar, and put them into the water-bottle. Let the mixture stand a while in the bottles, then empty it out and rinse them with clean water. They will be found to shine most brilliantly.



The smart coat on the extreme left might be added with advantage to the autumn wardrobe. It is made of black cloth, well stitched, and has a velvet epaulet cape. In the centre picture is illustrated a white silk blouse, trimmed with fine lace branching across the corsage and on the sleeves. And on the right behold a beautiful chinchilla stole, lined with grey satin, fringed with chenille, and fastened with a handsome clasp of gold and silver mingled.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

into your heart. You are filling me with bitterness; you are driving me"—she grew suddenly pale and her voice was very still—"you are driving me perhaps into worse peril than you could save me from. Once more—for the last time, Aunt Ursula, I implore you to release me from my vow."

"I cannot release you, Sabra."

"Then I can only wait," said the girl. "You don't know whether you have saved my soul," she added, with unspeakable bitterness. "You don't even know that I have a soul to save. But it may give you satisfaction to know that you have ruined my life, that, through you, I hate all things and all men, and that I will never kneel to pray again as long as I live."

Sabra turned towards the door. "All I have left to hope for," she said, with dreary bitterness, "is that one day you will repent of your cruelty, Aunt Ursula, and give me my release. It is a ruined life that you have doomed me to."

Sabra, speechless and quivering with rage and despair, went out of the room. Lady Ursula, spent and trembling, staggered into her little oratory, and threw herself, with clasped hands and head bowed to the earth, before the snow-white flowers with which she had decked her altar of Inhumanity.

Sabra did not know how she reached the vicarage in Stoke Magnus, except that she must have walked, as there was no vehicle to convey her. She was

broken; she was weary beyond endurance. The heat of the fanatic had scared her, and the iron of her ruthless inhumanity had entered deep into her soul.

She found Dick waiting for her in the dining-room. And, to her surprise and dismay, the Canon was there, too, with an expression of intense perplexity on his gentle face.

"Sabra," said her uncle, "what is this that Dick tells me? What is this sad misunderstanding that came between you? What is this unwise promise that you have given to your aunt at the Abbey?"

"Dick has told you, Uncle Ambrose?" she replied in a toneless voice. "It was unnecessary. There is nothing to tell now. It is a strange

middle we have made." She tried to smile, but the look on both the men's faces told her how pitiful the effort was.

"Dick has told me," said the Canon eagerly, "that he finds that he is not the husband of Miss Swindover, that there was some irregularity in the ceremony, that he is free. He tells me that you cared for him all the time, that you gave him up out of generosity so that he might have the castle. He tells me that you have both come to the conclusion that there is nothing in the world of such value as the happiness that you can mutually give each other. And then he tells me something incredible—that you gave your word to your aunt that you would never marry any man."

"It is true," said Sabra dully. "And she refuses to release me."

"It is a subject," said the Canon very deliberately, "on which my sister cannot be considered sane. I am sorry to have to say so, but it is the truth. My dear Sabra, you have been most unwise."

"But she will not release me, Uncle Ambrose." The Canon was silent. He knew only too well that a Vallance never breaks his word. Years ago, he had lost nearly the whole of his fine fortune because he would not break his word.

Suddenly Sabra turned on them both. She looked like a beautiful wild animal at bay. She had the awful look in her eyes of people who know what they renounce.

"What am I to do?" she cried hoarsely. "What am I to do?"

(To be continued.)

TRUE NATURAL REMEDIES AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

Nature's works are so perfect that it is not surprising that many remedies for general purposes are called natural, or are said to act naturally. In England it is easy to distinguish between the artificial and the natural. The Patent Medicine Act makes a stamp necessary on all artificial remedies, except soaps, that claim to prevent, relieve, or cure such troubles as sore-eyes, chiblainis, eczema, nettle-rash, general irritations, and internal complaints. Therefore, if a patent medicine claims to be natural and bears a duty stamp, the assertion is false. True Natural Products do not pay this stamp duty. Hence it is that I call Natural Water bears no stamp, although it prevents, relieves, and cures sore eyes, chiblainis, chaps, moist eczema, nettle-rash, insect-bites, tender feet, cuts, burns, bruises, and painful swellings without rubbing and without any discoloration or scar. Icilma Water stands alone as Nature's unique remedy, and possesses the sympathy with the skin that only Nature can impart.

Whether it be in the Nursery instead of powder, or for young people to keep their skin clean, pure, and fresh, or for those of riper age to keep the pores of the skin clean and healthy and to prevent roughness from cold winds, clamminess from fog, sunburn, or the like, tints and lines that you need or age produce, the cleansing, tonic and soothing action of Icilma has no equal. This spring of Nature that Madame Réjane, the great French actress, aptly calls "The Modern Fountain of Perpetual Youth," goes even further, and its waters give to the skin a softness and a transparency, through which the network of dainty blue veins or the beautiful changing tints of the complexion are clearly seen. The use of powder, that bane to the skin from babyhood upward, is done away with, and Icilma, through Nature's perfect sympathy with the skin, alone preserves natural beauty. Icilma Fluor Cream and Icilma Natural Water Soap are so prepared that the Icilma Water in them loses none of its properties. And the three together, if used exclusively, will introduce a new era of sweetly-perfumed comfort and health in every nursery, home, and journey. The Water costs 1s., the Cream 1s., and the Soap 10d. A sample collection containing a pocket-bottle of water, two samples of cream, and a half-tablet of soap, will be sent for 1s. by the Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.), 142, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.

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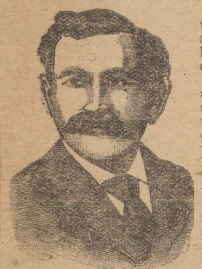
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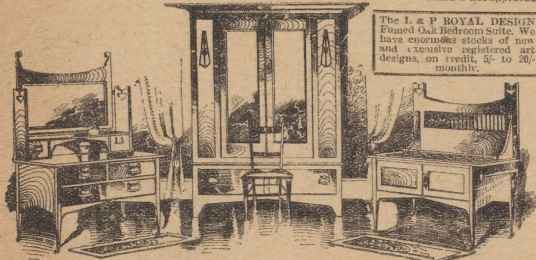
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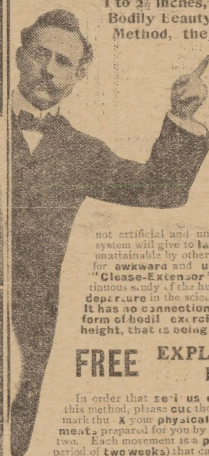
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